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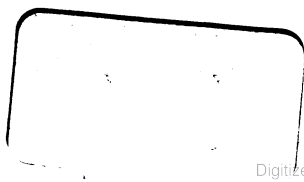
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# *The Indian*

George Bird Grinnell



# BUILDERS OF THE NATION

OR

From the Indian Trail to the Railroad

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*National Edition*

Complete in Twelve Volumes







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George Fred Cresswell

Author of "The Swiss People" and "The Swiss Government"



ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

THE BUREAU OF THE SOCIETY

PUBLISHERS



**Indians Breaking Through the Camp Guard and  
Stampeding the Horses.**

*From an original painting by Frank T. Johnson.*

NATIONAL EDITION  
COMPLETE IN TWELVE VOLUMES

# Builders of the Nation

## THE INDIAN

I

By

**George Bird Grinnell**

Author of Pawnee Hero Stories and  
Folk Tales



ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK  
**THE BRAMPTON SOCIETY**  
PUBLISHERS

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*From an Original Painting by Frank T. Johnson*

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**Indian. I.**



## EDITOR'S NOTE.

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THE books which are to appear in this series are intended to present peculiar and characteristic phases of earlier development in that portion of our country which lies beyond the Missouri River. The specialization of American history has found expression in numerous studies of the colonial life of New England, New York, and Virginia, indeed, all the Eastern seaboard, and in discussions of explorations westward like those of the Spaniards to the south and the French to the north, and of migrations away from the seaboard, like the movement across the Blue Ridge to Kentucky, and the various patriarchal journeyings which began the settlement of Ohio and the middle West. The final occupation of the real West has come about almost in our own time. The first white male child born in Kansas is an honoured resident of the State to-day, and Kansas is venerable in comparison with States and Territories beyond. Speaking roughly, the Missouri divides sections very dissimilar in certain characteristics of their evolution. It is not a question of political differences, like those which have sundered Kansas and Missouri, but of differences due to the strength of the Indian holding, the character of a soil fitted throughout vast areas for grazing rather than cultivation, and the presence of stores of treasure in



two mighty mountain systems, which have drawn into their recesses the trapper and the hunter as well as the prospector. For our real West, therefore, the typical figures are the Indian, the explorer, the soldier, the miner, the ranchman, the trapper, if we take into consideration the northern fur trade, and the railroad builder. The representative explorer may be found in Lewis and Clarke, or Pike or Fremont, or that more remote and romantic Argonaut, Coronado. The soldier has never received a tithe of justice for the heroism of his lonely and perilous service on the plains. The miner's kaleidoscopic career, ranging from the grub-staked prospector to the millionaire gambling on the stock exchange with loaded dice, has been too obvious to be neglected in the past, and the complete story, as illustrated "on the Comstock," will be unfolded by Mr. Shinn. With these figures the West has offered us the cowboy, that most individual and picturesque of types, and, following the soldier and oftentimes preceding settlement, the railroad builder. The latter's perilous reconnaissances, stormy life in the construction camps, and warfare with Indians, thugs, and sometimes with rival builders, deserve well of the historian who cares for human interest and not merely for the engineering difficulties overcome, and the financial results. There are other types, like the one afforded by the noble figure of Father Junipero Serra and by the hunter, the pony express rider, the road agent, and later the men of the wheat and fruit ranches, and the irrigating ditch, and those curious children of Ishmael, the "boomer" and "sooner." But if we take the phases typified in the figures which I have emphasized it is plain that the series of pictures will be individ-

ual, racy of the Western soil in the truest sense, and also of permanent historical value, since they will preserve in definite form these picturesque and original aspects of Western development of which we are apt to catch only distorted and fleeting glimpses. This is the object of a series planned through the editor's knowledge of the real West, a knowledge gained by actual experiences of ranch and mining and Indian life between Sonora and Vancouver and Texas and Dakota, and also through a love for the types illustrated, a desire to record their characteristics before they have entirely vanished, and a hearty belief in what I may term their pictorial value for the historian.

There is no word simpler and more elastic than the word story to describe the plan of the series, and although we shall deal with the realities of history, the humbler term seems more broadly significant. These books are intended to be stories of human interest, not categories of facts. Mr. Grinnell, for example, might have written a history of the Indian tribes west of the Missouri, which would have been only a valuable repository of facts. But, instead of this, Mr. Grinnell takes us directly to the camp fire and the council. He shows us the Indian as a man subject to like passions and infirmities with ourselves. He shows us how the Indian wooed and fought, how he hunted and prayed, how he ate and slept—in short, we are admitted to the real life of the red man, and as we learn to know him we discard two familiar images: the red man of the would-be philanthropic sentimentalist, and the raw-head-and-bloody-bones figure that has whooped through so many pages of fiction. A typical explorer and a typical mine will be the subjects of volumes

closely following this. In each case the effort will be to embody the essential features of the general theme in one descriptive history with one central point of interest, thus forming a series free from cumbersome details, but breathing the spirit and preserving the qualities of reality. Since the subjects form a part of our history they will be treated with a view to the historical student's demand for exactness of statement and soundness of inference, and since these stories illustrate a most romantic phase of our past, the elements of colour and atmosphere and quick human interest are inseparable from the treatment. Either older or younger readers who care to live over again certain wholly individual phases of our country's history may, it is hoped, draw from these volumes some such sense of the reality of romantic history as Parkman has left us in his pictures of the earlier phases of Canadian life and history, in his Oregon Trail and his Discovery of the Great West.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS volume might be called one of recollections, for in it have been set down many memories of Indian life. The scenes described I have witnessed with my own eyes; the stories related are those which have been told me by the Indians themselves.

These stories are introduced freely because the concrete example conveys a clearer idea of an event than an abstract statement, and because the story of the Indian should not be told wholly from the point of view of a race alien in thought, feeling, and culture. No narrative about any people can do them justice if written by one who is not in some degree in sympathy with them, and acquainted with their ways of thought and with the motives which govern them. Before an intelligent account of it can be given, the stranger race must be comprehended. Long association with Indians enables a white man ultimately to share their thought and feelings; and he who has reached this point understands the Indian. He understands that the red man is a savage and has savage qualities, yet he sees also that the most impressive characteristic of the Indian is his humanity. For in his simplicity, his vanity, his sensitiveness to ridicule, his desire for revenge, and his fear of the supernatural, he is a child and acts like one.

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We are too apt to forget that these people are human like ourselves; that they are fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters; men and women with emotions and passions like our own, even though these feelings are not well regulated and directed in the calm, smoothly flowing channels of civilized life. Not until we recognise this common humanity may we attain the broader view and the wider sympathy which shall give us a true comprehension of the character of the Indian.

The present volume professes to give only a general view of Indian life, and many interesting topics have necessarily been referred to only incidentally. In the stories given I have followed the language of the interpreters through whom I received their narratives directly from the Indians.

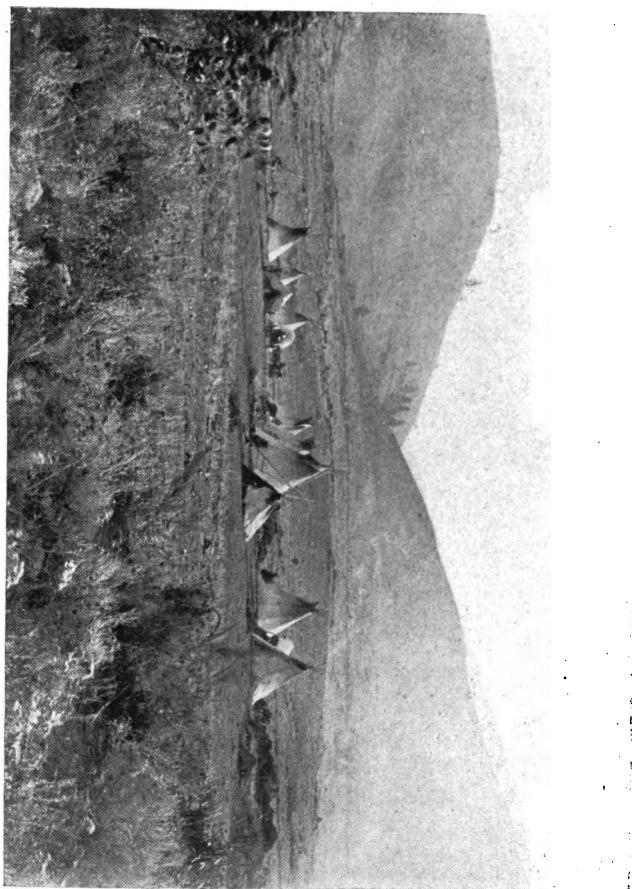
Mr. James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, has very kindly read the chapter on the North Americans, on which he made a number of valuable suggestions, and for which he furnished most of the translations of the tribal names. My friend Mr. Charles B. Reynolds has read over the whole manuscript, and the form of the book owes much to his kindly criticisms. To both these gentlemen my acknowledgements are due.

This image shows a dark, heavily textured surface, possibly a book cover or endpaper. The material appears worn and aged, with a mottled grey and black color scheme. A prominent, irregular white tear or hole is visible on the right side, extending from the top towards the bottom. The overall texture is grainy and uneven, suggesting significant damage or decay over time.

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The Distant Camp.





# THE STORY OF THE INDIAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### HIS HOME.

YELLOW under the burning sun lies the far-stretching prairie. In one direction the rounded swells rise and fall like the heaving breast of ocean after a storm has passed; in another, the ragged ravine-seamed soil rears sharp crests like billows tossed by the storm in fury. In the distance the level sweep of the horizon is broken by high buttes, some square-topped and vertical-sided, others slender and sharp-pointed—like huge fortresses or cathedral spires. All are dotted here and there with gnarled, stunted black pines and cedars, that, with tenacious grip, cling to the bare rocks from which they draw a sustenance—scanty, yet sufficient.

Scattered over the prairie far and near are the wild denizens of this land: brown buffalo feeding or resting, yellow antelope singly or in groups, a family of wolves playing at the mouth of a ravine, prairie dogs in their towns, little birds swinging on the tops of the sage bushes, and over all a blue arch in which swings motionless a broad-winged eagle.

Away to the westward, so far that the forest-clad

foothills are purple with distance and the rough rock slopes gray with haze, stands the mighty wall of the Continental Divide. White and grey and brown, snow fields and rock peaks, and high naked plateaus rear rough outlines against the blue of the summer sky, or are blotted out mile by mile when black storm clouds creep down from the peaks toward the plains, which the summer storms never reach.

This is the country of the Indian of the West.

Here the prairie is split by a great crooked gash—a river's course—to which the ravines all run. Down in the valley the silvery leaves of cottonwood tremble, copses of willow and bits of fresh growing grass stand along the stream, and there is the shimmer of flowing water, coolness, and shade. This is the Indian's home.

The cone-shaped dwellings stand in a rough circle which touches the river bank. Some of the lodges are newly made, clean, and white; others are patched, grey with weather stain, and smoke browned near the top. Each conical home terminates in a sheaf of crossing lodge poles, and between the extended "ears" shows a wide dark opening from which rise curling wreaths of blue smoke. Some of the lodges are painted in gay colours with odd angular figures of men, and animals, and guns, and camp fires, which tell in red, black, or green of the *coups* of the owner—his brave deeds or strange adventures. Here and there from the lodge poles of some leading man hangs a buffalo tail, or one or two eagle feathers are turning in the breeze, or a string of little hoof sheaths, which rattle as they are shaken in the wind, runs from the lodge poles nearly to the ground.

Leaning against the lodges, and, if standing on end, quite equalling the lodge poles in height, are the

travois, the universal vehicle. Before or behind the lodges of medicine men, chiefs, and noted braves hang the medicine bundles of the doctors and priests, and the arms and war dresses of the warriors. Tripods of slender poles support the sacks or bundles, or sometimes a lance is thrust in the ground, and to it is tied the warrior's equipment. The eagle feathers, scalps, and fringes with which these things are ornamented, wave gaily in the breeze.

Near the stream bank, above and below the camp, stand curious low frames, woven of willow branches, and looking somewhat like large bird cages of wickerwork. Some are oval and others hemispherical, and in the ground which forms their floor a little hollow is dug out in the centre, in which are ashes and a number of stones which show the marks of fire. Besides this, on the ground outside each one, is a spot where a little fire has been built, and near the fireplace are other round stones. These are the sweat lodges of the camp, where are taken the steam baths used in healing and in certain religious rites.

Up and down the stream valley, and scattered over the bordering bluffs, are the horses, for the most part wandering at will, though here and there a group is herded by a boy or young man who spends most of his time lying on the ground in the shade of his horse, but now and then clambers on its back and gathers together his little band or drives away others that seem disposed to mingle with it. There are hundreds—perhaps thousands—of horses in sight, dotting the valley, the bluffs, and even the distant upper plains.

Here and there on little elevations, on the points of the bluffs or on the river bank—usually on some

commanding eminence—are single figures of men. Closely wrapped in his robe or his summer sheet, each one remains apart from all the others, and sits or stands for hours motionless. These men have left the camp and retired to such places to be alone. Some of them are praying; some are acting as sentries, looking over the country to see if enemies are approaching; some desire to think out their projects without fear of interruption; while it is possible that among the motionless figures may be one who belongs to some hostile tribe and has ventured thus boldly to expose himself in order to learn the ways of the camp, to find out how the watchers are disposed, where the swiftest horses are kept, at what points an attack may be made with best prospects of success. If such a spy is here, he is for the present safe from detection. He feels sure that no one will approach him or speak to him, for when a man goes off in this way by himself it is understood by all that he wishes to be alone, and this wish is respected.

Within the circle of the camp the daily life of the people is going on. Moving forms, clad in bright colours, pass to and fro, and people are clustered in the shade of the lodges. Tied near most of the doors are one or two horses for immediate use. Now and then the bark of a dog falls upon the ear, and above the indistinct hum of camp life are heard the whoops or shrieks of children at play.

Everywhere groups of men are seated in the shade, smoking, chatting, or sleeping. Some are naked, some clad only in a blanket, but most wear leggings of deer or cow skin and are wrapped in sheets of dressed cow skin. Here with infinite care a young dandy is painting himself; there a man is sharpening arrowheads;

a third is mending a saddle; another fashioning a pipe stem.

Without the circle of the camp, off toward the bluff, stands a group of men, some of them naked to the breech-clout, others, spectators, wrapped in their sheets or blankets. At intervals two naked men are seen to dart out from this group and race along, nearly side by side, throwing their sticks at some object that rolls along in front of them. Often at the end of such a race there is a loud-voiced dispute as to which contestant has won, in which the two racers and their friends take part with violent gesticulations and earnest speech. This is the stick or wheel game.

Down by one of the sweat lodges a woman is kindling fires and heating the stones in the centre of the lodge and outside. She covers the frame with robes or skins, so as to keep the heat in. A bucket of water stands near the fire. Soon half a dozen young men come to the place, and, following them, an older man who carries a pipe. As they reach the lodge, they drop their blankets and creep naked beneath the covering. After a little the old man is heard singing his sacred songs and in monotonous voice praying for the success of those who are about to start on a journey which will be full of danger. The woman passes a vessel into the sweat house; the water hisses as it falls on the hot stones, and steam creeps forth from the crevices in the covering. Then there is more singing, and other low-voiced mumbling, prayers in different voices, and at length after an hour, the coverings of the lodge are thrown off, the men creep out, rise, and, all wet with perspiration and bleeding where they have cut themselves in sacrifice, file down to the stream and plunge into its cold waters. This is the

medicine sweat, and the young men who have taken part in it are about to start off on the warpath.

All day long the women who have remained in camp have been at work tanning hides, sewing lodges, making dried meat, and pounding pemmican, and they are still busy, though soon these tasks will be laid aside for the day. As yet they are still bent double over the green hides, chipping at them with fleshers, and now and then raising themselves for a moment's rest, and with one hand brushing away the overhanging hair from their foreheads, while with hands on hips they bend back to stretch themselves and ease their muscles. In the shade of the lodges sit other women, with stone hammers pounding choke cherries on flat stones. The tasks are not performed in silence. The little groups that work near to one another keep up a lively fire of gossip and jest which give rise to abundant merriment. A woman who has an established reputation for wit is telling with monotonous unchanging voice and without a particle of expression in her face a story that overwhelms her sisters with mirth. They cackle forth shrill laughter, and exchange delighted comment, but the story goes on without interruption.

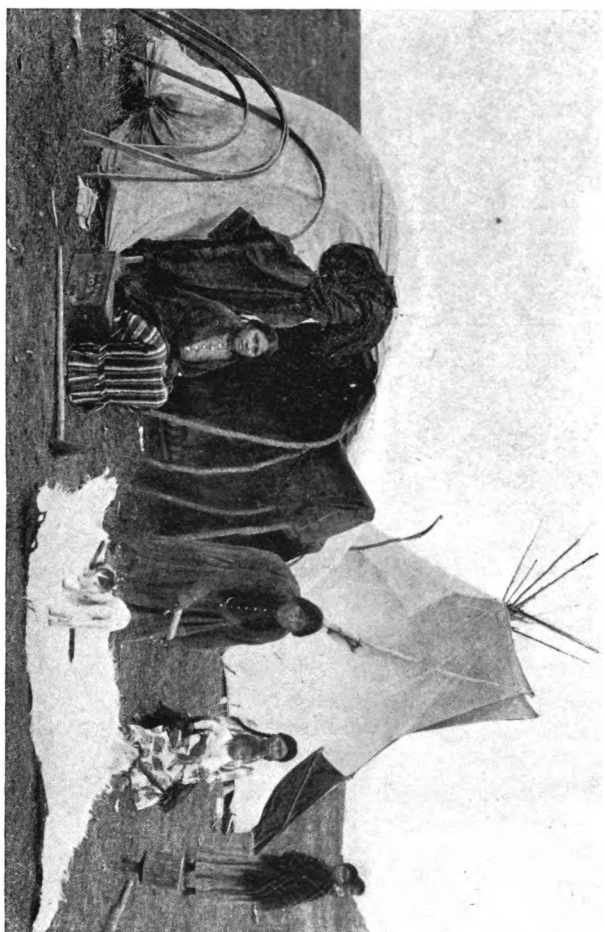
The women wear sleeveless leather gowns reaching to below the knees and belted at the waist, and from this belt dangle by small chains or leather thongs the knife, fire steel, and sewing bag, which are a part of each one's equipment. The gowns of the older women are often old and worn, patched here and there, and black with blood, grease, and dirt. The clothing of the younger ones, the daughters or wives of men well to do, is handsome, being clean, tanned very white, heavily beaded and ornamented





All day long the women are busy at the camp have been at work for several days, making dried meat, and pounding, separating, and are still busy, though soon these tasks will be for the day. As yet they are busy to finish the green hides, clipping at their necks, and now and then raising them up for a moment, and with one hand brushing away the sweat from their hair from their foreheads, while with the other they bend back to stretch themselves and warm themselves. In the shade of the larch trees

The women wear dresses made of a single piece of cloth, reaching to below the knees and fastened at the waist by a belt from this belt dangle by small chains or rings the knife, fire steel, and sometimes a small gun, a part of each one's equipment. The younger and older women are often old and decrepit, and there, and black with blood, grass, and mud. The clothing of the younger or well-to-do, and the wives of men well to do, is handsome, but the skin is tanned very white, heavily beaded and ornamented.



Pawnee Woman Dressing a Hide.



with elk tushes, trimmed with red and blue cloth, and fringed at the edges. As a rule, the younger women are better dressed and much more careful of their personal appearance than those older, though sometimes the latter are neat and give some attention to their hair.

But for the women it is not all hard work. Here and there groups are to be seen sewing moccasins or fashioning for husband or children buckskin leggings, shirts, or other apparel, or ornamenting such clothing with beadwork or with beautifully stained quills of the porcupine. In these tasks much taste is displayed, savage though it be. Besides these workers, there are not a few who are tempting fortune. In some cool spot two lines of women sit opposite each other, and behind each person, or at her side, is a little pile of her possessions which she is betting on the seed game, played with plum stones and a little flat basket.

Scattered about through the camp, up and down the stream and on the open ground nearly to the bluffs, are the children of these mothers. The tiniest of them—those who have been facing the fierce prairie sun only for a few weeks or months—are securely tied to their boards—the primitive cradle—from which they gaze solemnly with unwinking eyes on this new and uncomprehended world. The boards are hung up on poles or drying scaffolds or travois, or lean against a lodge, a sage bush, or even a buffalo skull, and no attention is paid to their occupants, save now and then when they whimper and have to be nursed. Other children, a little older, have been freed from this imprisonment, and with a bit of dried or fresh meat in their hands grovel on the ground, alternately

chewing at the meat and rubbing it in the dust until their faces are plentifully caked with mud. Some have already tired of their unaccustomed freedom, and cry piteously to be put back on their boards, ceasing their lamentations as soon as preparations are made to confine them again.

The children old enough to walk are comical to look at, though rather troublesome to live with. The girls are mostly clad in little smocks which reach to their bare knees, but not so much can be said for the clothing of the boys. Some of them have a string tied about the waist, and some pet of his father or grandfather may have a buckskin string about his neck which carries a few beads or an amulet to keep off disease or the ghosts. Usually, however, they run about clad only in their close-fitting brown hides, which gather only a moderate amount of dirt, and which, when they tear, do not have to be mended.

Coming from the direction of a large lodge and walking with downcast eyes across the circle of the camp, passes a young girl bearing in her hand a covered wooden dish. She is beautifully clad in a dress of white skins, beaded, fringed, trimmed with red cloth and ornamented with elk tushes. Her hair is shining and neatly braided behind each ear, and the paint on her face and in the parting of the hair is bright and fresh. Closely following her, walks another young girl, and after they have crossed the circle they enter a lodge, which, by its size and ornamentation and by the arms and medicine bundles which stand near it, is evidently that of an important man—some chief. The girl who carries the food is betrothed to the son of the owner of the lodge which she enters, for now—during the time between the arrangement for the marriage and its con-

summation—she serves her future lord with food each day, making the journey from her father's lodge to his, accompanied only by a sister or young girl friend.

As the sun falls toward the western horizon the aspect of the camp begins to change ; there is more activity, more people are moving about. The women begin to put aside the work of dressing hides, to kindle their fires anew, and to go to the stream for water. From up and down the creek and from over the bluff, single figures and small groups of people are approaching the camp. Some of these are women who have made long journeys to secure a supply of wood, which they bring home on their backs or piled high on the dog travois. Most of those who are coming in are men who have been off hunting on the plains, killing food. The camp is in a buffalo country and there has been a general chase. The circle of the lodges has been almost deserted during the early part of the day, for men and women alike have been off to the hunt, the men to do the killing and the women to bring the meat and hides to camp. The last of these are now returning in little groups, and almost every one is perched on top of the load of dripping meat borne by the horse she rides, and leading one or two pack horses still more heavily laden.

All through the day more or less feasting has been going on, but this takes place chiefly toward evening. One who desires to entertain his friends has directed his wife to prepare the food for his guests, and when all is ready either sends a messenger about through the camp to invite them, or has him loudly shout out their names from his own lodge door. But little time elapses before the guests begin to arrive, and one by one to enter the lodge. Each is welcomed by the usual salu-

tation and his seat is indicated to him, the more important men being seated furthest back in the lodge and nearest to the host's left hand. After a prayer and the sacrifice of a portion of the food, the eating begins without much waste of words. The portion set before each man is all he is to receive, he will not be helped a second time. Among some tribes it is not good manners for a guest to leave any food on the dish set before him, but among others, if the man does not care to eat it all, he may carry away with him that which is left. Usually the host does not eat with his guests. While they are disposing of their food, he is cutting up and mixing the tobacco for the smokes which are to follow. As the eating draws to a close, conversation begins, and at length the host, having filled the pipe, passes it to a son or a servant on his right, who lights and then returns it. The host makes the ceremonial smokes—to the sky, to the earth, and to the four cardinal points—prays and then hands the stem to his left hand neighbor, who, after smoking and praying, passes it to the man next him, and so it goes from hand to hand round the circle. It is during this smoking that the formal speech-making—if there is any—takes place. The subjects touched on are as various as the speakers, and it is noticeable that each one is listened to with patience and courtesy, and is never interrupted. He finishes what he has to say before another man begins to speak. About a lodge where a feast is going on, a number of uninvited people gather to listen to these speeches, and now—for it is summer and the lodge skins are raised for air—such listeners sitting about on the ground are in full view of the feasters. No one recognises any impropriety in such an outside gathering. If the number of guests at a feast be small,

all the men sit at the right of the door—on the host's left—and the family, the women and children, are on the left of the door, in that place in the lodge which belongs to them; but if the number of guests is large, the family moves out of the lodge for the time being.

As twilight falls the herds of horses from the bluffs and the upper prairie come trooping close to the camp, driven by the small boys and young men whose duty it is to attend to this. The most valuable, the swiftest, are tied to pins driven in the ground close to the lodge door, and the others are allowed to go free and soon work back to the hills near at hand. A man who has one or more running horses that he greatly values, perhaps confines them in a tight pen of logs and poles, lashed together with thongs of rawhide.

As darkness settles down over the camp, the noise increases. The shrill laughter of the women is heard from every side, partly drowned now and then by the ever-recurring feast shout. From different quarters comes the sound of drumming and singing, here from a lodge where some musicians are beating on a *parfleche* and singing for a dance, there where a doctor is singing and drumming over a sick child. Boys and young men are racing about among the lodges, chasing each other, wrestling, and yelling. In front of some lodge in the full light of the fire which streams from the open doorway, stand two forms wrapped in a single robe—two lovers, whispering to each other their affection and their hopes. Dogs bark, horses whinny, people call to each other from different parts of the camp. The fires shine through lodge skins and showers of sparks float through the smokeholes. As the night wears on the noises become less. One by one the fires go out and the lodges grow dark. From those where



dancing is going on or a party of gamblers are playing the noise and light still come, but at last even these signs of life disappear, the men disperse, and the silence of the camp is broken only by the occasional stamp of an uneasy hoof or the sharp bark of a wakeful dog.

No incident mars the quiet of the night. The moon rises and under its rays the aspect of the circle is changed. All the camp is flooded with the clear light, interrupted only where the lodges cast their long shadows, or the ground is marked with slender lines fallen from the drying scaffolds, or from the tripods which support the arms or the medicine bundles. Before each lodge stand one or two horses, visible now only as dusky shapes, silent and motionless. The brilliant light of the moon, which shows so clearly objects near at hand, makes those a little further off vague and indistinct, as if seen through a mist, and in the distance the lodges of the circle fade out of sight.

Close at hand is a lodge larger than those near to it, and shining white and new in the moonlight. On the cow skins are drawn many pictures which tell the history of its owner, and before the door are tied four horses, his swiftest and best. This is the lodge of Three Suns, the chief, and on either side of it, for some distance around the circle, stand those of his immediate following, who are also his kinsmen.

The night wears on, and as the day approaches the first faint sounds of life begin to be heard. Now and then faintly upon the listening ear falls the distant whistle of the wild ducks' wings as a flock of birds start on their early morning flight up the stream. From a hill near the camp come the sharp barks and dolorous wails of the coyotes, answered from different

points in the camp by the voices of half a dozen alert dogs. The tied horses, which have been lying down, rise to their feet and shake themselves, and the low whinny of a mare is responded to by a shrill call from the little colt near by.

In Three Suns' lodge all is quiet as yet; only the heavy regular breathing of the sleepers ranged about the walls shows that there is life there. Here and there, through some crevice between the lodge skins, a tiny thread of moonlight pierces the gloom, rendering the blackness within more intense. Only above through the wide smoke-hole is there any suggestion of light, where the sinking moon still illuminates one of the ears, and below, in the centre of the floor, a dim circle of white ashes tells where the daily fire burns.

As the night grows older and the moon sets and the eastern sky begins to pale, there is movement in the lodge, a restless turning in the side where the women sleep, and the querulous voice of a disturbed child is heard. One of the women throws aside her robe, and, rising, steps to the door and looks out; then, turning, she takes from under one of the beds some tinder, dried grass, and slivers of dry wood prepared the night before. With a stick she rakes aside the ashes, looking for a live coal, but, failing to find one, uses her flint and steel, and strikes a shower of sparks which kindle the dry fungus. The punk is placed in the dried grass, a little blowing starts a flame, and soon the lodge is brightened by a flickering fire, and sparks begin to fly out of the smokehole. By this time two other women have risen from their couches, and while one looks after the awakening children, the other goes down to the stream for water.

In the gray light, which, constantly growing brighter, now shows the whole camp, pillars of blue smoke rise from every lodge straight upward through the still cool air. Many women are hurrying to the stream for water; young men, close wrapped in their robes, are loosening the horses which have been tied up during the night, and they walk briskly off toward the hills. There is more or less noise and bustle—the chattering of women; the shrill calls of colts that have lost their mothers; the yell of pain from some dog that during the night has crept into a lodge to sleep warm with the children and is now discovered and driven out with blows. All these are the sounds of the awakening day.

The tops of the bluffs along the river are just beginning to be touched with yellow light as the door of Three Suns' lodge is pushed aside, and the chief himself comes out. His robe hides all his person but the head and the naked feet. His face is kindly and dignified, and he talks pleasantly to the little boy of three or four years whom he carries in his arms and whose head shows above the robe beside his father's. Darting about, before and behind or by the side of the father, is another son, a lad of twelve, naked as at birth, and holding in his hand a bow and several arrows, which as he races along he discharges at various marks that present themselves—the blackbirds swinging from the tops of the sage brush, the ground squirrels which scuttle from under the tufts of grass, or even the stones which lie on the prairie.

From other lodges come other men and boys, all like Three Suns and his children, walking toward the river. When it is reached they drop their robes, and all plunge in, the fathers taking even the smallest

children and dipping them beneath the water, from which they emerge squirming and kicking but silent. The older boys dash into the water, and are riotously splashing about, shouting, and diving. Soon all again have sought the bank, and the men, donning their robes, return to the lodges. Here the pots have been boiling for some time, and when Three Suns has put on his leggings and moccasins, combed out his long hair, and again belted his robe about him, his first wife sets before him a horn platter, on which are some choice pieces of buffalo meat. Then the children are served, and the women help themselves; and when all have eaten, the men start off to hunt, the women set about their daily work in the camp, and the children disperse to their play.

So goes the round of Indian life. Another day has begun.

## CHAPTER II.

### RECREATIONS.

It is a clear, bright morning. The horizon's outline is sharply defined against the sky's unbroken blue, and the shadows are growing shorter as the sun climbs higher. The first meal has been eaten. The men have gone about their daily pursuits, and now only the last of the hunting parties may yet be seen, some riding off down the valley and others climbing the bluffs. Many men are in the camp, because the buffalo are not near by; but other animals which people eat, and whose skins are good for clothing, are plenty not far away—antelope on the prairies, deer and elk in the wooded ravines and river bottoms, and sheep on the buttes and rough bad lands.

In the camp the daily life goes on. White-haired old men, holding their robes as close about them as if it were winter, crouch, two or three together, by the lodges, and hold slow-voiced converse with one another; young men are sitting in the bright sun braiding their hair and painting their faces; women are tanning hides, or making dried meat, or pounding pemmican. Close by some of the old men, sit groups of boys, eagerly listening to the talk; and most of the women have—on their backs or hung up near to them—stolid fat brown babies. Dogs lie curled up in the

sun, and horses stand before the lodges with heads held low and drooping ears.

Of the home-staying folk the children form the most active and most noisy groups. They are everywhere, and the sound of their voices is heard continually. They run, play, shout, and effervesce with life and spirits, like youth the world over.

Like other young animals, these children delight to do the things which occupy their elders. So you will see each one engaged in some task or sport which represents the pursuits of the adults. All the older boys are armed with bows and headless arrows, and practice continually shooting at a mark or for distance, or sending the arrow almost vertically into the air in the effort to make it fall at some particular point. They hunt ground squirrels, blackbirds, and even prairie chickens and hares, and, during the season of migration, lie in wait by the streams and pools for ducks and geese. Some who have not yet reached the age at which they can effectively use the bow, drag about after them ropes or strings, and try to lasso each other or the unlucky dogs, trotting here and there among the lodges. A set younger still give themselves up to the delights of tormenting the dogs, and armed with pieces of wood as heavy as they can wield, take pleasure in stealing up to a dog slumbering in the shade and pounding the poor brute, which yells dismally, and at once betakes himself to some more secure resting place.

Others of the young braves are engaged in sham battles. Small parties conceal themselves behind neighbouring lodges and conduct a mimic fight much after the manner of men. As arrows, even though headless, would be dangerous in this pretended warfare,

the opposing forces are armed with limber switches, and carry under the left arm a lump of wet clay. A bit of clay is pressed on the small end of the switch and thrown as a missile, just as the white boy throws a green apple with like implement. When the fight begins, a member of one party sallies out from behind his shelter and runs toward the enemy, throwing his mud balls at those who are peeping out at him. Before he has advanced very far two of the opposing party rush out and attack him. He retreats, is re-enforced by others from his own side and drives back the enemy, who in turn are strengthened from their own party. There are alarums and excursions, yells of defiance, cries of terror, shouts of fury and excitement from all the small warriors, a plentiful shower of mud balls, and finally each party retreats to shelter for rest and the renewing of ammunition. Such battles are interesting to watch between parties of footmen, but when two or three combatants on horseback are set upon by a number unmounted, the excitement is much greater. The mounted men charge upon the footmen, who fly to their shelter, throwing back as they run a cloud of mud balls, before which the cavalry retreat to a safe distance. Then a few of the footmen steal from their cover, trying to get within range, yet not venturing so far that they will be overtaken in the event of a charge. Very likely the mounted forces retire to decoy their assailants still further away; but at length they charge, then there is a helter-skelter retreat, re-enforcements rush forth, and the yelling and excitement are worthy of a real battle. So the fight will go on for half a day, one of either party now and then having a *coup* counted on him or being captured.

From the river which runs by the camp comes a

babble of childish voices, interrupted now and then by piercing yells and sounds of splashing in the water. A group of boys are diving, swimming, and wrestling in a pool, as nimble and as much at home in the water as so many fishes; and near by on the bank two or three lads, who have come from the water, are sitting naked in the sun, slowly and laboriously fashioning figures of clay, which they carefully support against the bank to dry. The images represent horses, dogs, buffalo, and men, and though rude and often grotesque, may sometimes be recognised. To make them is a favourite amusement of the children.

If the boy at his play rehearses the warlike pursuits of the years to come, not less do the little girls share the cares and duties of womanhood. Close by a lodge several are at play tending their dolls. The largest, who may be ten years old, is fashioning a pair of tiny moccasins from some bits of dressed antelope skin. These may be for the baby she carries on her back—a puppy—whose sharp eager eyes, excited yelps, and occasional ineffectual struggles show that he is not altogether contented with his place upon the child's shoulders. At each effort her play baby makes to get free, the girl hitches up her blanket and draws it closer about her, speaking sharply to him as a woman would speak to an unruly child. Other little girls are busy with dolls made of rolls of buckskin, with a head rudely painted in black on one end. Some of them are lashed to boards in the usual way, but one has been freed from its confinement and is held in the arms. This one has, tied to the end of its buckskin arm, a bit of dried meat, which its nurse holds to its mouth from time to time, as if to keep it quiet. The dolls are nursed and looked after much as a parent



would treat a baby. The little girls play at feeding them, sing to them the same plaintive, monotonous songs their own mothers have used to hush them to sleep, take them down to the stream to wash them, and sew for them tiny moccasins and other clothing.

On the stream bank not far from the camp a group of girls are busy about two tiny lodges, fitted up with small lodge poles, and with all the furniture of a real lodge. They are playing at keeping house. By and by they will move their camp. Catching some of the old, steady dogs, and harnessing them to the travois, they will pack up their camp, set out on the march, and then going a short distance, put up the lodges again, build their fires and go to cooking, pounding berries, dressing hides, and doing all the things that occupy their mothers in the daily life of the camp.

On the outskirts of the camp, young people are engaged in different games and contests of skill. Young girls and women, fifteen or twenty of them, are running hither and thither after a large ball of buckskin, stuffed with antelope or buffalo hair. This is driven along the ground before the players with their feet, each one trying to retain the ball as long as possible. This is a girl's game, but some of the young married women of the camp are taking part in it, as well as two or three half-grown lads, who have not yet reached the age for hunting or going to war, or at which they feel it necessary to appear dignified. All the players take the greatest interest in the game, which is really a great romp, and they shout, scream, laugh, run, and push each other about, like the children that they are.

Other young people are practising at throwing certain special toys made for this purpose. One of these is a small curved piece of bone four inches in length,

formed of a section of a buffalo's rib. One end is sharpened and tipped with horn, and in either margin of the rib near the other end, holes are drilled diagonally, in which the quills of stout feathers are inserted, so that the toy will fly evenly. The contestants cast these implements, by an underhand throw, horizontally over a flat surface, so that the bone shall strike on its convex side and ricochet along it. These toys are used chiefly over the ice in winter, and an expert thrower can send one a surprisingly long way. Other boys and girls throw long slender springy sticks, tipped with buffalo horn. These are thrown forward by one end, turning over and over in the air, and when the tip strikes the ground the stick bounds up, turns over several times, again strikes on the point and bounds into the air, thus advancing by leaps for a long distance.

No game played by men and boys is so popular as the stick or ring game. Little children begin to play it as soon as they can run easily, well-grown boys practice it constantly, and young men spend much of their time in camp racing over the course, winning and losing horses, arms, and clothing at the game. The stick game varies in some of its details with different tribes, but its essential features are everywhere the same. It is played with a ring or wheel of rawhide, usually wrapped or cross barred with rawhide strings to give it stiffness, and variously adorned with beads and little tags, each of which has some special meaning. Each player is armed with a straight, slender, pointed stick, five feet long, which is thrown at the ring as it is rolled along the ground, the object being to send the stick through the ring. The sticks are some times simple, or in tribes where the game has reached a high degree of development and become more complex, cross bars,

hooks, and other projections are lashed to them. When the ring is rolled along the ground the players run after it and dart their sticks at it. The relation of the ring to some part of the stick determines the number of points won by the thrower.

In every camp where a long stay is made the young men, before many days have passed, clear away the grass, stones, and inequalities from a piece of level ground, making a smooth course over which the ring is to be rolled, and at this course, the men of the camp, young and old, gather daily to play and to look at the game and gamble on it. Ranged along the course stand the spectators, of both sexes, wrapped in their robes. Some are merely onlookers, too old or too lazy to take part in the game. Others await their turn. A few women, interested in the success of lover or newly married husband, stand among the men and eagerly watch the play. A very large proportion of the men in the camp are now, or have been, players of the game, and the course is the gathering place during the day for all the idle men in the camp. It is also the great betting ground, for not only do the players contest for a stake, but the spectators lay wagers on their favourites, losing and winning large amounts of property on a single game.

These games afford superb exhibitions of speed and skill. Stripped to breech-clout and moccasins, the two contestants, holding their sticks in their hands, bend forward, straining like greyhounds in the slips, eager to start on the course. Their naked bodies, superbly developed, are lithe and sinewy rather than muscular, but wonderfully tough and enduring, for they are kept at the very highest pitch of physical training by their simple wholesome food and by the

constant exercise that they are taking—the labour of hunting, the long foot journeys to war, and such sports as they are now indulging in. Brown skins reflect the light, black hair blows out in the breeze, dark eyes roll as they watch each other, and long fingers nervously clasp and unclasp, fitting themselves to the finger holds on the sticks which they grasp. One of the pair of players holds his stick in his left hand, prepared to roll the ring with his right. When both are ready and all the bets have been made, he who holds the ring gives it a strong pitch forward and both dash after it, as it rolls along the course. Racing along on flying moccasins they soon overtake it, and as its speed slackens, they dart their stick at it by a curious underhand throw, endeavouring to transfix it. This they seldom succeed in doing, but usually one or both sticks touch the ring and knock it down, and points are counted by the distance of the ring from the different parts of the stick.

It is unusual for a player to send his stick through the ring, but if this is accomplished he has won the game. Much more often a number of courses have to be run before the issue is decided, for, as the points obtained by each player are always deducted from the score of his opponent, one of the players is always nothing. The contestants take turns in rolling the ring, so that each alternately suffers a slight delay in starting and the inconvenience of having to change his stick from one hand to the other.

In its highest development the game is complicated and affords much opportunity for dispute and wrangling. When the players cannot decide the questions involved to the satisfaction of both, they call one of the spectators to act as umpire and give a decision,

which is always accepted without demur as final. Among the men no sport of the camp attracts so much attention and interest as the stick game, yet the women do not care especially for it, for they have amusements of their own.

As the sun gets low in the west many of the women put aside their daily tasks and devote a little time to recreation—gossip and gambling. Gathered in groups in the shade of the lodges, with babies on their backs or beside them on the ground, they laugh and chatter, giving each other the news of their families and of the camp in a manner quite worthy of a civilized drawing room. Many of them play the seed game, the two parties sitting in line facing each other, each woman having by her side the little pile of property she intends to wager—some bits of red cloth, a few strings of beads, some tobacco, and other things that people use. These are not put up as stakes, but each player's bet is represented by a stick put up against a similar stick wagered by her opponent. The game is not unlike throwing dice. Five plum stones, blackened and then variously marked on one side, are placed on a flat wicker basket about the size and shape of a tea plate, and by a quick jerk are thrown into the air and then caught in the basket as they come down. The marks on the upper surface of the stones so caught indicate the value of the throw, and the points gained or lost by the line of women on the side of the manipulator of the basket. Much mirth accompanies this game, and the talking and laughter are incessant. The winners chaff their opponents, and these reply to their jeers with quick jest and repartee.

In the social dances, which are usually given at



Pawnee Woman and Child.

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In the social dances, which are usually given at



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night, women as well as men take part. The dances are held in a large lodge, and all the dancers and many onlookers gather there soon after the evening meal is eaten, and long before the dance begins. Men and women alike have prepared themselves for the festivities. The hair is neatly combed, newly braided, and shining; fine clothing is worn with many ornaments, and the faces gleam with fresh red paint. The women sit together on one side of the lodge and the men on the other. Long before the dancers step on to the floor the singers—chosen for their skill—start the air, which is usually in a minor key, and keep time to the song by pounding on a drum or on a parfleche which lies on the ground. To an unaccustomed ear many of the dance songs sound monotonous enough, yet often there is a great deal of melody in them. Frequently a single dancer, man or woman, will rise and dance for a long time alone, stamping about with knees half bent; after a while another joins in and then another, until half a dozen may be dancing at the same time. As these retire and sit down to rest, others take their place. Often a woman gets up and dances for a time alone, and then dancing before a particular man, chooses him for a partner, and the two dance opposite one another with deliberate steps for some time and then sit down, or the woman may throw her robe over her partner's head and kiss him, and then sit down, leaving him to dance for a time alone. This is an expression of liking for the man and a high compliment to him. In other dances the woman gives to the partner she has selected some trifling present, and he is expected to make one to her in return. Such dances are participated in for the most part by young people. The

dancers keep excellent time, and, while very much in earnest about the whole performance, seem greatly to enjoy themselves.

Many of the dances are performed in ordinary costume, except that both men and women throw off their robes or blankets to give them greater freedom and coolness, for dancing is hot work, and a lodge crowded with people is not the coolest place in the world. At special times, however, the men dance without any clothing except breech-clouts and moccasins and spend a great deal of time painting their bodies for the occasion. White clay is a favourite colour for legs and arms, and sometimes for the body; red is the colour most used for the face, and occasionally green and yellow.

At times there takes place a dance, which is almost wholly commercial. In the old days, when the tribes manufactured their own clothing, arms, utensils, and ornaments, it happened usually that each one was celebrated for some special article which it was known to make better than other tribes. It might be that one tribe made handsomer war bonnets, better war shirts, or louder rattles than its neighbours, and occasionally a few men would take a number of these desirable and high-priced articles and visit some neighbouring tribe to barter their goods for horses or other property. Hospitably received, they live in the lodges of principal men, and before long give a dance—usually one of those peculiar to their own tribe—in which perhaps some of the garments or ornaments which they have to sell are worn and so displayed, or if this is not done, the dance is at least an advertisement of their presence and its purpose.

Gambling is a universal amusement among In-

dians, and they bet on all games of skill and chance. The Indians of the Southwest have long been familiar with playing cards, and with these play some Spanish games, but, even at the present day, they prefer to lay wagers on their own games. They delight in horse-racing and foot-racing, and bet heavily on these as well as on the stick game; but perhaps no gambling game is so widespread and so popular as that known as "hands." It consists in guessing in which of the two hands is held a small marked object, right or wrong guessing being rewarded or penalized by the gain or loss of points. The players sit in lines facing each other, each man betting with the one opposite him. The object held, which is often a small polished bone, is intrusted to the best player on one side, who sits opposite to the best player on the other. The wagers are laid—after more or less discussion and bargaining as to the relative values of things as unlike as an otter-skin quiver on one side and two plugs of tobacco, a yard of cloth, and seven cartridges on the other—and the game begins with a low song, which soon increases in volume and intensity. As the singers become more excited, the man who holds the bone moves his hands in time to the song, brings them together, seems to change the bone rapidly from hand to hand, holds their palms together, puts them behind his back or under his robe, swaying his body back and forth, and doing all he can to mystify the player who is about to try to choose the bone. The other for a time keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the hands of his opponent, and, gradually as the song grows faster, bends forward, raises his right hand with extended forefinger above his head, and holds it there, and at last, when he is ready, with a swift motion brings it down to a

horizontal, pointing at one of the hands which is instantly opened. If it contains the bone, the side which was guessing has won, and each man receives a stick from the opposite player. The bone is then passed across to the opposite side, the song is renewed, and the others guess. The game offers opportunities for cheating, but this seldom takes place. I have known of only one case of the kind, and in that instance the detected gamblers were forced by peaceful means to return all the property they had won. This was during the Crook campaign of 1876-'77, when the Cheyenne and Pawnee scouts who accompanied the command gambled against each other. At first the luck of the game varied in the usual way, but at last it turned to the side of the Cheyennes, who were occasionally able to guess which hand held the bone when the Pawnees had it, while the Pawnees never succeeded in guessing right when the Cheyennes had it.

This occurred so constantly that suspicion was excited and a close watch was kept on the Cheyenne player. When it was believed that he had hidden the bone in his robe, where he could drop his hand on it in a moment, two Pawnees sprang forward, and seizing his two hands held them up in the air closed, in the sight of all the players. They were opened and both were empty. A long wrangle followed in which the Cheyennes disavowed the act of their fellow, and at length agreed to restore, and did restore, all the horses that they had thus unfairly won.

Like most games of chance at which men win or lose property, this one has a strong fascination for the Indians, and men spend their nights at play and win and lose heavily.

On special occasions, when visits are being paid by members of another tribe, horse and foot racing take place. Each party bring out some swift pony or man, and bet on the champion all they have. If the visitors lose they will very likely receive many presents from their hosts, so that they may not be obliged to go home poor, but if they win, they may very likely carry with them nearly all the property of the camp, for the intense tribal pride of the Indian—his patriotism—leads him to believe that the men, women, children, and ponies of his own tribe can do things better than any others, and he will show his faith in his own by wagering his last pony and his last blanket on its performance.

Such are some of the principal pastimes of the people during the hours of a fair summer day. There are winter sports in which the children engage, sliding down hill on sleds made of buffalo ribs, spinning tops on the ice, and playing half naked in the snow. The tiny children sometimes find an old buffalo bull wallowing through the deep snow and delight in running up close to it and shooting at it their headless arrows. In winter the men no longer play at sticks; the women do their gambling in the lodge. But if food is abundant the feasting and the dancing and the visiting go on in all weathers.

## CHAPTER III.

### A MARRIAGE.

IN the circle of the lodges stood one that was large and painted on all its sides with the story of its owner's deeds. From two of the lodge poles buffalo tails swung in the wind, and on a tripod near at hand hung the bundles which proclaimed the owner of the lodge to be a medicine man and a great warrior. This was the home of Three Suns, the chief of a gens of the people. He was a great chief, brave, wise, and generous. In the councils of the tribe he thought and spoke for the good of the people, not for himself; for many years he had been a leader of war parties, and all his journeys to war had been lucky, for he had struck many of his enemies and had taken many horses. Most of these he gave away to his friends and relations or to those who were poor or to comfort those who had lost friends or relations in war.

Not far from the lodge of Three Suns, in the circle of the camp, stood the home of Buffalo Ribs, himself a chief, a brave warrior, successful in his expeditions against his enemies, rich from the spoils of war, a man of kindly heart and generous disposition, well thought of by all the tribe. Now Buffalo Ribs had a son, a young man of marriageable age, who as a servant had been off on two or three war parties, and had done well. He had taken some horses and was a good

hunter. This young man, whose name was White Antelope, had seen the oldest daughter of Three Suns, and because she was pleasant to look at he liked her, and he wanted her for his wife. He had spoken to her too; in the beginning only looking at her and smiling, and afterward waiting for her outside her father's lodge and talking to her—at first only a little, for she was afraid and would not wait to listen, but afterward, as she got used to him, he had talked to her longer, so that now the two knew each other well.

When White Antelope had made up his mind that he wanted this girl for his wife, and when he found that she liked him, he spoke to his father about the matter, telling what was in his mind; and Buffalo Ribs considering it, and remembering that Three Suns' family was good, and that he was a chief, loved by his people, and rich, and that his wives were good women and kept the lodge well supplied with dressed skins and good clothing, and that the girl was modest, quiet, sensible, and always busy, thought that she would make a good wife for his boy. So, when he had thought of all these things, he sent word to his brothers and nearest kinsfolk, asking them to come to his lodge and eat with him, for he had something to say to them. He told his wife to cook food, and she took from the par-fleches dried corn and dried berries and dried meat and backfat, and boiled the food, and before sunset all was ready.

When the invited relations had come and all had eaten, and the pipe had been lighted and was passing from hand to hand around the circle, Buffalo Ribs spoke to his relations and told them what was in his mind and asked their opinion about this marriage, whether it ought to take place or not. Then they be-



gan to speak, one at a time, the oldest first, and some said one thing and some another, but all spoke good words about Three Suns and his girl, and all thought that it would be good if the young man could have her for his wife. When all had spoken, Buffalo Ribs himself stood up and spoke, and said that he thought as they all did, and that it was his purpose to ask Three Suns for the girl to be the wife of White Antelope. So the matter was concluded.

The next day, when the sun was high, the mother of White Antelope went to the lodge of Three Suns and spoke to his first wife, telling her how it was, and that Buffalo Ribs wanted her daughter for his son's wife; and Three Suns' woman listened, but said nothing. When Three Suns came again to his camp from his hunting, the women took the meat from the horses and turned them loose. Then afterward, when he had eaten and was smoking, as he sat there resting, the woman told him what Buffalo Ribs' wife had said. For a long time the chief sat there and smoked, saying nothing, for he was thinking; but at length he knocked the ashes from his pipe and spoke to the woman, saying: "Make ready something to eat, and I will send word to my close relations and ask them to come and eat with me, a little time before the sun disappears behind the mountains." His wife answered: "It shall be as you have said." She called the other women, and they prepared a kettleful of dried meat and sarvis berries and hung it over the fire, and from the parfleches took dried backfat and tongues, and made ready for a feast. Three Suns called to a young man who lay asleep in the shade of a lodge near by, and said to him: "Go now to the lodges of Skunk Head, Took Two Guns, Buffalo Horse,

He Struck Two, and Wolf Moccasin, and tell them that I ask them to come and smoke with me a little while before the sun goes to rest behind the mountains." And the young man arose and went away.

When the time came, and the sun was getting low, these invited men came to Three Suns' lodge and entered, and as they came in the host spoke to each one, bidding him welcome and showing him where to sit. To his oldest relations he gave the seats furthest from the door, while the younger ones sat further from himself. When all had come, the women set food before them, and, while they were eating, Three Suns was cutting tobacco and fixing the pipe for smoking. At length the dishes were cleared, the women took them away, and the pipe, having been loaded, was passed by Three Suns to the young man on his right, who lighted it and handed it back. Then Three Suns made a prayer and smoked to the sky, to the earth, and to the four points of the compass, and handed the pipe to the old man on his left hand. He smoked and made a prayer, and passed it to the next, who did the same, and he to the next, and so it went around, each man making a prayer. When he had smoked, Three Suns spoke, and told his relations of the message sent him by Buffalo Ribs, and asked them what they thought about the matter, and whether the marriage that had been proposed ought to take place. For a little while no one spoke, and then the oldest of the relations, Skunk Head, the uncle of Three Suns, said: "My opinion is that the girl should be given to that young man. We all know Buffalo Ribs, a brave man, lucky in war, careful of his people, generous and rich. He has many horses, and is often away upon the warpath

getting more, but when has he lost one of his young men? He has good women, not foolish ones, and they are always busy. The young man, his son, has done well. Four times he has been to war, and all his journeys have been fortunate. He will be like his father, and though now he is only a servant, yet, if he survives, the time will come when he will be a brave, and it may be a chief. My son's\* daughter is a good woman, and she will make a good wife, caring well for her husband's comfort, and bringing up good children. Therefore let these young people sit beside each other and be man and wife." When he had finished, most of those sitting there said it was good. Then one or two others spoke, saying the same things that Skunk Head had said. Then Three Suns said: "For myself, I think with all of you, that it is well that my daughter should be given to this young man. It shall be done as you have said." Some more talk followed, as is natural among relations, and then one by one the men left the lodge.

While these older people were talking thus, the young people were talking too. From Three Suns' lodge a well-worn trail led through the sage brush toward the stream and entered the fringe of the willows and underbrush that grew along its banks, and down this trail, with quick light steps and a contented smile upon her face, Three Suns' daughter was passing. She was neatly—even handsomely—dressed, her buckskin moccasins ornamented with bright-coloured quills, and her leggings and gown beaded and fringed, while many elk tushes were sewed to its sleeves and shoulders and made a light rattling sound as she

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\* The Indian calls his nephews sons and his nieces daughters.

walked. Her hair was newly braided and shining, and her cheeks, forehead, and the parting of her hair were bright with fresh paint. About her throat was a many-coloured collar of small beads, embroidered with sinew thread on a strip of soft-dressed buckskin in a curious pattern, while from her leggings hung two or three little brass bells which tinkled softly as she walked, and with the faintly rattling elk teeth made a little chime to her movements.

The fringe of bushes bordering the stream was only a few yards wide, but as the girl approached it she looked ahead earnestly, as if expecting to see something. Just within the bushes, in a little opening at the side of the trail, stood a tall figure shrouded from head to ankles in a dressed cow skin sheet, which concealed the whole person. A corner of the sheet was drawn over the head, and the eyes looked out through a narrow slit. Evidently the girl knew who it was, for when she saw the figure she smiled a little to herself, held down her head, and turned her face away, but continued her brisk walk along the trail. Just as she had come opposite the figure and was about to pass by, it took a swift step forward, the sheet opened and closed again about the girl, who with a faint exclamation dropped her bucket and stood, held close in her lover's arms.

Their conference was a long one, but at length the girl wrenched herself free, picked up her bucket, ran to the water's edge, and filled it, and without a word glided away along the trail toward the camp.

That night a message was sent to Buffalo Ribs, telling him that the proposal of marriage was acceptable to Three Suns, and at once the two families began to prepare for the events. There was a natural

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desire on the part of each to give the two young people a good start in life; but besides this, as both families were well to do and of high social standing in the tribe, the members of each were ambitious that their marriage gifts should exceed in value those of the other family. This rivalry promised a generous outfitting for the pair. So it was that all the relations on either hand began to consider what they should give.

First of all, the wives of Three Suns began to make ready the special property, which in a marriage between wealthy people the girl always brings with her. From her store of newly dressed cow skins, white and smooth, the principal wife of Three Suns chose sixteen large ones, and after going over them carefully, and sewing up with sinew the arrow and bullet holes, she spread out these skins and cut them so as to form the lodge. Then taking the bundles of sinew thread made from the ligaments which lie along the loin of the buffalo, Three Suns' wives and older daughters began the work of sewing together the lodge. Many hands make light work, and in two or three days the task was accomplished. Next were selected eighteen new lodge poles, slender yet strong, smoothly shaved down with a knife, so that no knots, splinters, or rough bark remained on them, by which the lodge covering might be worn or torn, and pointed at their butts so that they should not slip on the smooth hard ground. The two longer poles, which support the ears, or wings on either side the smoke-hole, were pointed at their upper ends as well, so that the loops at the points of the wings should fit over them and should not slip off when blown by the wind. Besides this lodge, there was supplied a lining for it, back rests, parfleches to pack with and to contain

food, utensils with which to prepare, cook, and serve it, buckets and cups for water—in fact, all the furniture of a home. Many of these articles had already been made by the women of the family, many others were sent to the lodge as presents by the girl's relations.

Besides the clothing which the girl already possessed, there were provided new gowns, leggings, and moccasins, all of them embroidered with beads and bright quills, and ornamented with fringe and with strips of fur or red or blue cloth. The gowns were made of buck or elk skin carefully tanned, smooth and flexible, smoked so as not to harden when they become wet, and then carefully whitened with white clay. The leggings were of buckskin. The girl's summer sheet was the well-tanned skin of a buffalo heifer, or of an elk, on which the dew claws had been left. After it had been tanned and smoked, its outer surface—that from which the hair had been removed—was thoroughly rubbed with white clay, after which the skin was beaten to remove the superfluous earth. This was repeated from time to time as the sheet became soiled, and so it was always white and new looking.

To his oldest daughter, Three Suns had already given two riding horses and a pack horse, and she already had her own riding saddle—high peaked in front and behind, and fringed with buckskin, with an embroidered saddlecloth—as well as a pack saddle. Very likely another saddlecloth will be given her, made from a part of a buffalo robe, tanned very soft, the upper surface—the flesh side of the robe—embroidered with beads and bordered with red or blue cloth which is also beaded. Perhaps one of her brothers, or her mother, may have made for her riding horse a headstall of rawhide, which she has wound with beads and

adorned with two or three brass bells. Among the various household utensils especially required by a girl about to be married are knives for butchering, mauls, large and small, scrapers and fleshers for tanning hides, pots and kettles for cooking, vessels to hold water and cups to drink from, dishes to eat from, spoons, and ladles. All these various articles the girl will receive, in much the same way as a young woman of our day and civilization receives her trousseau and her wedding gifts. Her mother and father supply the lodge, the robes, the clothing, and besides all this a dowry of horses. The father also often presents to his son-in-law his own weapons of war and his war clothing. Such a gift means more than the mere value of the articles, though usually this is not small, and, besides, they are endeared to their owner by many associations. It is an evidence of the high esteem in which he holds the young man, and is an unspoken assurance that the donor believes his son-in-law will use these things with as much credit to himself as their former owner. It is the highest compliment that a man can pay to his son-in-law.

While all the preparations for the marriage were going on Three Suns' daughter had to face a trial. When it had been decided that she should become the wife of White Antelope, she had to do something very hard—a thing which would tell the people of the camp that the marriage was to take place.

The next morning after the matter had been determined, Three Suns' daughter selected some food, the best that there was in the lodge, cooked it, and when it was ready to be eaten, she put it in a bowl, covered it with a dish, and then clad in her best clothes and followed by her younger sister, she left

her father's lodge and walked toward that occupied by Buffalo Ribs. All the people whom she passed, sitting or standing about the camp, looked curiously at her as she went by them, and some of the young people giggled and whispered together. The girl felt very much ashamed, but she walked along with her eyes cast down, her sister following modestly behind her, and soon reached the lodge to which she was going and entered it. Turning to the left she sat down for a moment on the woman's side, so as to see who was there, and she was glad when she found that the only people within were White Antelope, who was at work smoothing arrowshafts between two stones, and Buffalo Ribs' first wife and daughter, who were sewing moccasins. When the girl saw that these were the only people in the lodge, she rose, and going to where White Antelope sat, she offered the dish to him. He took it and ate, and the girl returned to her place and sat down. After the boy had eaten, he put down the dish on the ground before him, and went on with his work, and the girl again rising, took the dish and offered it to his mother, who also ate a little, and then put it down. A few moments after this the daughters of Three Suns left the lodge and walked back toward their father's. As she was returning the girl still held her eyes down and looked neither to the right nor to the left, but it seemed to her that the people did not stare so much, and that the boys and girls did not titter and talk so much about her.

During the whole time between the acceptance of the proposal and the marriage the girl thus brought food each day to White Antelope, serving him as a wife should serve her husband, and thus telling all the people that they were to be man and wife.



During the days of preparation for the marriage, which usually are not many, the relations of Three Suns were bringing their presents to the lodge. The men brought men's things and the women things used by women, and by the time the day had come there might be two or three horseloads of gifts. When all was ready, the mother and daughter packed all these things on some of the horses with the new lodge and lodge poles, and moving off to near where Buffalo Ribs' gens was camped, the horses were unpacked, the lodge was put up, the furniture was moved into it, a fire was kindled, and the horses belonging to the girl and those presented by the relations were tied outside the lodge. Then the mother went back to her home. As soon as she had gone, White Antelope, perhaps accompanied by one of his young brothers, drove up his horses and tied them near the lodge and entered. Thus the marriage was accomplished.

Before this, the boy or his father and his relations had got together the horses which were to be sent to Three Suns. They all wished to be considered generous, and they made it a point to send to the chief presents of greater value than those which the girl had received from her family. These presents were, many of them, distributed among those relations who had made gifts to the girl. Soon after the marriage, feasts were given by the two families in honour of the newly married pair, and on such occasions, those of the girl's relations who had received gifts sent to Three Suns by Buffalo Ribs or his family, made presents of like value to the young people. So all the presents given by both families came back at last to the newly married pair.

It is of course understood that the marriage cus-

toms of different tribes vary widely, and that, even within the same tribe, no two marriages take place in precisely the same way. Among the poor and the unimportant there is much less ceremony than among those who are of good family and well to do.

As an example of the ways of a particular tribe—the Pawnees—the following account\* is given :

In the olden time, before they had horses, when their dogs, their simple arms, and their clothing constituted all their possessions, the Pawnees married for love. The affection which existed between two young people was then the only motive which brought about a union, and this affection was seldom interfered with unless there was a very great difference between the social standing of the family of the boy and of the girl, for it must be understood that even in primitive times rank existed in a Pawnee camp, just as it does to-day in civilized society.

After the Pawnees obtained horses and began to accumulate property—as the people acquired wealth, and their circumstances became easier—the practice arose of giving presents to the immediate relatives of the girl whose hand was sought in marriage. These presents were given in order to conciliate those relations who controlled the girl. Originating merely in this desire to gain the good will of her family, the custom gradually became more and more firmly established until it had come to be a matter of course to give presents, and finally a matter of necessity if the young man hoped to gain the consent of the girl's family to his proposal of marriage. The presents at

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\* Marriage among the Pawnees. *American Anthropologist*, July, 1891.

first were probably small in value and number, but in a case where there was more than one suitor for the girl there would naturally be a rivalry on the part of the families of the young men, and each would strive to help the cause of its own member by presenting gifts more valuable than those offered by the other. Young men of standing and position would put forth every effort to make the families of the women they loved presents as handsome as had their fellows who had married, and all this would have its influence on families who counted marriageable girls among their number. Parents and relatives, at first receiving these as evidences of friendship and good will, would at length come to regard them as their due, and would ultimately insist on receiving them as a condition of giving their consent to the marriage proposal, thinking themselves injured and even defrauded if they were not forthcoming; so little by little the matter of obtaining a wife grew to be regarded, not only by the suitor and the girl's father, but by the tribe at large, as an actual purchase of the woman.

Among the Pawnees, however, these presents were not always, nor, I believe, even usually, regarded as a price paid for the girl. They did not speak of them otherwise than as presents made to her family. Often the gifts were not decided on until after the marriage had taken place. A father would give his daughter to a young man of a good family or one who was well to do without making any stipulations as to what the presents should be, and a Pawnee young man might say, "I am going to marry such a girl. It is left to me what I shall do afterward." (Tūt ki'tta wi i'ri la tits ka, lū't kūt.)

A young man did not expect to marry until he had

come to be an expert hunter, and so was able to support a wife. This gave him standing with the parents, who would naturally be more willing to give their daughter to a good provider. Nor did he usually think about taking a wife until he had been on the warpath and either brought back some horses or had struck an enemy. This would give him favour in the eyes of the young women.

When a young man had determined that he wishes to marry he perhaps courted the girl in the usual way, or, if he had no fondness for any particular young woman, he spoke to his parents and announced to them his wish to take a wife.

In case the boy had merely decided that he wished to marry and had not himself made a choice, his relations talked the matter over and selected a girl. This having been done, some old man was called in, and asked to conduct the negotiations between the two families. Usually, if it was convenient, the man selected for this purpose—at least among the Skidi—was a priest, one greased with the sacred fat of the buffalo. Such a man's influence with the family he was about to visit would be stronger than that of a common man, and he would be more likely to receive a favourable answer.

On a chosen day this old man and the suitor would prepare themselves for a visit to the lodge of the girl's father. The old man would paint his face with red earth, while the boy would also paint himself, put beads about his neck, and don his best attire, his finest leggings and moccasins worked with quills or beads. Both then put on their robes, hair side out, and late in the afternoon, about four or five o'clock, they started toward the lodge where the girl lived,

the old man leading the way, the young one following at his heels.

Of course, when the people of the camp saw an old man followed by a young one, both wearing their robes hair side out, walking through the village, they knew that a proposal of marriage was going to be made, and usually a pretty shrewd guess could be hazarded as to the lodge they were going to. If the father of any girl suspected that his lodge was to be visited, he would hurry home, to be there to receive the ambassador and aspirant.

When the men reached the lodge they entered and squatted by the fire just to the right of the door, ready to take their departure if they were not made welcome. If the father was at home he would speak to the old man, who would explain to him the object of the visit. Then the visitors would go out of the lodge and return to that of the boy's family. It might sometimes happen that there was more than one marriageable girl in the lodge, and then, in the absence of the father, the oldest person in the lodge would inquire of the old man which girl it was whose hand was sought, and after learning would ask the visitors to go home and return later.

The same evening they would come back to the lodge and find many or most of the girl's relations. Those who were unable to come have sent word that they agree to whatever the others may decide on. These relations have thoroughly discussed the young man, his social standing, his skill as a hunter, his prowess in war, and his general desirability as a member of the family, and have determined what answer shall be made to the offer of marriage. When the two men enter the lodge the second time, if they see a robe

or blanket spread for them to sit on, they know that they are welcome and that the answer will be favourable. If no seat is provided they go away at once; their proposal is declined.

After speeches have been made by the girl's relations, one of them takes a pipe and lights it. He prays, blows a few puffs to the sky, to the earth, and to the four cardinal points, and then offers it to the old man, saying, as he does so, "I hope that you will take pity on us, for we are poor." This seems to be at once an expression of good feeling and a hope that the young people may get along well together—may have no trouble after they are married.

The old man smokes first, and then the relation offers the pipe to the suitor, who does the same, both saying, *La'wa i'ri*. When this has been done the two rise and retire, the old man taking the robe or blanket on which they have been sitting as his present from the girl's relations. On returning to the young man's lodge they report to his relations assembled there the result of their visit, and satisfaction is expressed at its favourable outcome. The presents for the girl's family are now contributed by the boy's relations. They consist of blankets, robes, guns, horses, and so on, and are usually taken on the same night to the lodge where the girl lives by one of the young man's relations—his mother, aunt, or sister. On being received they are distributed among the relations of the girl.

Early next morning the young man is invited for the first time over to the lodge where the girl lives. Before he arrives the girl has combed her hair, put on her best clothing, and is sitting on a robe in the most honourable seat, far back in the lodge. When the young man comes in, a cushion or pillow is placed by

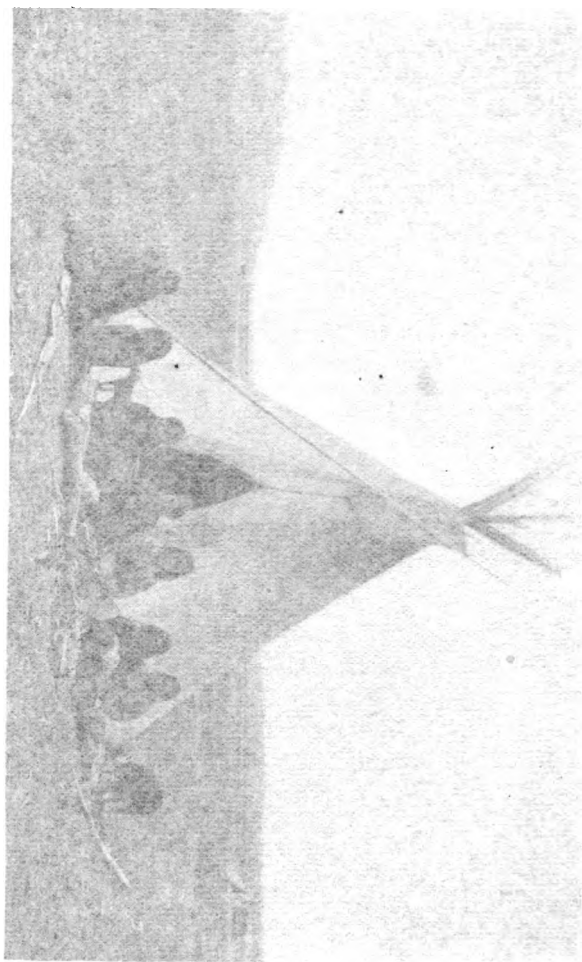
the side of the girl, and her father or some of her relations tells him to sit down by her side. The girl then rises, takes a dish containing food, which she places before him, and they both eat. The girl is now his wife, and he stays here and makes his home in her father's lodge for a time, usually until he has some children and feels that he can set up a lodge of his own.

It was not infrequently the case, where a girl had two or three suitors that her parents might wish her to marry one, while she preferred another. Very severe measures were often resorted to in order to force her to marry the one chosen by the family, and unless she could succeed in running away with the man of her choice she usually had to yield to the family influence.

Younger sisters were the potential wives of the husband of the oldest girl. If a married man died, his wives became the wives of his oldest brother.

A word or two with regard to the position of the wife in the household may not be out of place here. The Indian woman, it is usually thought, is a mere drudge and slave, but, so far as my observations extend, this notion is wholly an erroneous one. It is true that the women were the labourers of the camp; that they did all the hard work about which there was no excitement. They cooked, brought wood and water, dried the meat, dressed the robes, made the clothing, collected the lodge poles, packed the horses, cultivated the ground, and generally performed all the tasks which might be called menial, but they were not mere servants. On the contrary, their position was very respectable. They were consulted on many subjects, not only in connection with family affairs, but in more important and general matters. Sometimes

Figure 1. A. and B. (continued)



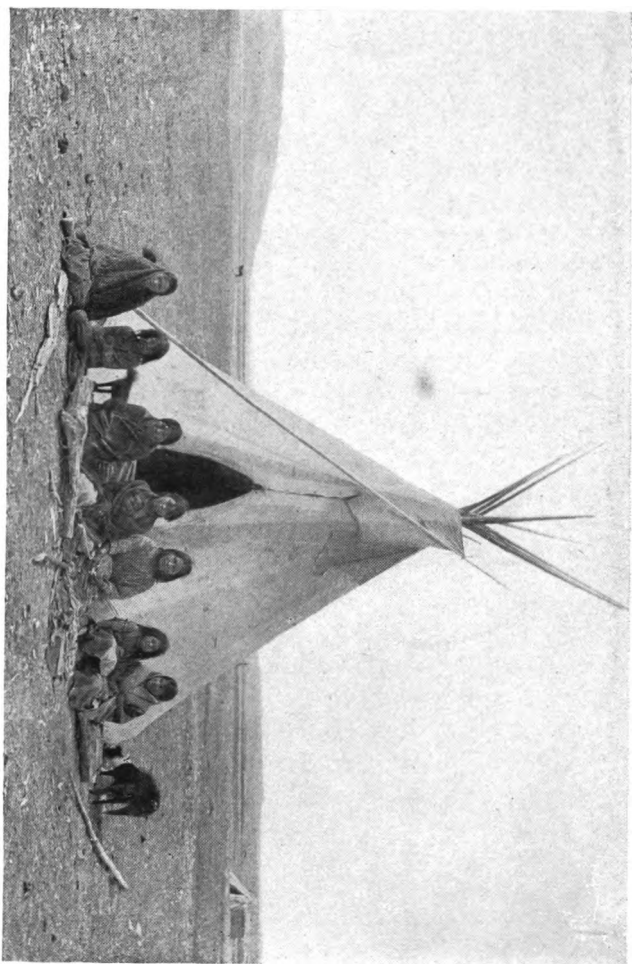


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**Piegan Women and Children.**



women were even admitted to the councils and spoke there, giving their advice. This privilege was very unusual, and was granted only to women who had performed some deed which was worthy of a man. This in practice meant that she had killed or counted *coup* on an enemy, or had been to war.

In ordinary family conversation women did not hesitate to interrupt and correct their husbands when the latter made statements with which they did not agree, and the men listened to them with respectful attention, though of course this depended on the standing of the woman, her intelligence, etc. While their lives were hard and full of toil, they yet found time to get together for gossip and for gambling, and on the whole managed to take a good deal of pleasure in life.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SUBSISTENCE.

THE life of the Indian was in some respects a hard one, for the question of food was an ever-present anxiety with him. We are told in books much about the Indian's improvidence, and it is frequently stated that however abundant food might be with him to-day, he took no thought for the needs of the morrow. Such statements are untrue, and show but superficial observation. The savage does not look so far ahead as does the civilized man, but still the lessons of experience are not wholly lost on him. He remembers past hardships, and endeavours to provide against their recurrence; and these people were rather remarkable for their foresight, and for the provision which they were accustomed to make for the future. The tribes which tilled the ground, dried the corn, beans, and squashes which they grew, and usually had enough of these to last them until the next crop was harvested; others which were not agriculturists gathered at the different seasons of the year, when they were ripe, great quantities of berries and roots of various kinds, which were dried and stored in sacks made of parfleche, or of woven grass or reeds, until such time as they should be needed. This surplus food was not always carried about with them, but was hidden in *caches*, which were visited from time to time as the

food was required. The Indians of the plains who depended for subsistence largely on the buffalo, dried great stores of its flesh against times of need, and this dried meat—which would keep for an indefinite length of time—was used to make the nutritious pemmican.

Many of the mountain tribes made annual pilgrimages to the plains for buffalo meat—choosing especially the season at which the animals were fat and the skins in good condition for robes—and in this way secured a portion of their winter's supply of meat; but the mountain tribes depended largely on the flesh of mountain game—deer, elk, wild sheep, and goats—which they hunted persistently and with great success. The meat of these animals was dried.

Still further to the west the Indians, as summer drew on, began to gather along the streams up which the salmon run to spawn. By means of traps, gaffs, spears, and dip nets, they took each season enormous quantities of fish, which were sun or smoke dried and packed away in *caches*. These were rough wooden boxes made of "shakes"—rough planks or slabs wedged off from the trunk of the white cedar or arborvitæ. For protection against the ravages of wild animals or insects, these *caches* were usually placed high up in the branches of a tree. In this position they were, of course, visible to the passer-by, but were never disturbed, the property of others always being respected. Only in the case of people actually perishing of hunger would anything be taken from such a *cache*, and in cases of such extremity the disturber was welcome to what he needed.

Finally, when we reach the coast, we find a people who lived principally on the products of the sea, but who still were at home in the mountains. These were

canoe people, and in their frail barks, burned and whittled out of the trunk of a great cedar tree, they made long journeys to the fishing banks for halibut, or to the rocks for fur seal and sea lion, or followed the sea otter or chased and killed the whale. Following up the inlets or the mouths of the rivers, they captured the salmon with the two-pronged spear, or, anchored in some narrow channel, swept the long fish rake through the shoals of herring, taking them by caneloads. When the delicate oolachan, or candlefish, came to the beaches to spawn, they gathered them for their flesh and oil. In the spring and autumn, when the coat of the white goat was long and shaggy, they climbed the steep mountain sides to its home and killed it for its meat and for the fleece, which the women wove into warm and durable blankets. In summer, they watched at lakes and in little mountain parks to shoot deer, or coasted along the seashore and killed them when they came down to the beach to feed on the seaweed, or again in winter, when the snows had driven them thither from the thick timber, which is their usual haunt. Most of this work was done by the men. The women gathered berries and dried them for winter use, and collected dulse along the shore.

Further to the south there were different ways among the different tribes, depending on the various products of the territory inhabited. The Indians of Nevada and Utah captured great numbers of jack rabbits by surrounding them, and drove the locusts into pits. The coast Indians of southern California subsisted largely on shellfish. Some tribes made a bread of the dried sweet acorn of the California oak. In the central region pine nuts, and further south the

bean of the mesquite, served the same purpose. The Pueblo tribes of New Mexico and Arizona cultivated the ground, raising corn by means of irrigation, which they had practised from time immemorial. The desert-inhabiting Navajo and Apache still eat the fruit of the cactus and roast mescal roots.

Although the larger animals were the most important source of food supply, it must not be supposed that the smaller ones were neglected. Wild cats, beavers, skunks, prairie dogs, ground squirrels, rats, and all birds were eaten when they could be had, not always from necessity, but because they were good for food. These were taken in traps and snares, and usually by the boys.

The Indian made the most of what his country produced, and in time of abundance strove to lay up provisions against the day of want. When the buffalo were plenty, he rioted in slaughter and feasted fat, and dried much meat and tongues and backfat. If the run of salmon was large, he caught all that he could, and his drying scaffolds far up the hillside shone red against the background of green; if the berry or the root crop was plentiful, the women worked hard to gather and dry them in great quantities. For a day might come when no buffalo could be found, when the salmon would not run up the river, and the root or berry crop would fail. Bitter experience had taught the Indian that he might at any time have to face starvation.

The Indian recognises that his whole life is a contest with Nature, that all her powers are opposed to him. He realizes his own feebleness, and sees that to procure subsistence he must overcome Nature and wrest a livelihood from her unwilling grasp. He can



only gain the victory and be successful in his undertakings if he has the help of some stronger power, some force which is higher than Nature—which rules it—so, literally, “looking through Nature up to Nature’s God,” he appeals to his god for assistance, and to win the Deity over to his side, and also to show how much in earnest he is, he offers sacrifices of food, tobacco, ornaments, a lock of his hair, or a bit of his flesh. Since without food life is impossible, all important hunting expeditions were preceded by religious ceremonies more or less elaborate, which had for their object the propitiation of the Deity and the obtaining his help. The Pawnees, before they started on the hunt, devoted several days to religious observances—fasting, praying, and dancing, under the direction of the priests, asking for assistance in the hunt, for plenty of buffalo, and, as always in their prayers, for long life, health, and strength. With them also the first deer or buffalo slain in the hunt was always sacrificed to the Deity. In the same way the Rees, Mandans, and Gros Ventres of the village prefaced their hunts by religious ceremonies. Among some tribes no general observance of this kind took place, but he who acted the chief part in the work of trapping the buffalo spent the night before he entered on his task in prayer, and the priests—those whose petitions to the Deity were supposed to be most efficacious—devoted much time to offering up prayers for the success of the drive.

The enormous multitudes of buffalo that fed on the plains and in the mountains of the West made it usually an easy matter in modern times for the tribes to supply themselves with food, and yet the buffalo were not sure to be always at hand. They were as nomadic

as the Indians, and sometimes moved away from any given region and did not reappear for months, so that the food stored up by the people became entirely exhausted. They were then obliged to turn their attention to the smaller game, antelope, deer, and elk, which they could kill about their camps, but these animals could never be relied on for support. For this reason, it was the practice among many of the buffalo-eating tribes to send runners out to make long journeys to find the buffalo, and, by watching them, to learn in what direction they were tending, and then to report as quickly as possible to the camp.

When it is remembered how abundant and how unsuspicious of danger the buffalo were in the early days in the West, it might be imagined that the vigorous and active Indian—a footman who was always on the march, and nearly as swift and enduring as the buffalo—would, under ordinary conditions, have been able always to keep himself supplied with food, even though he carried only a bow and arrows as his weapon. But such a conclusion would be erroneous.

It is difficult for us who dwell among the civilized surroundings of this age to realize how severe was the struggle for existence of primitive man in America; what the condition of the Indian was in the days before the white man had come, bringing with him firearms which kill at a distance and horses which can overtake the buffalo. To comprehend this, we must stop and think, trying to move ourselves some centuries back to the time of the stone age, when the people, wholly without knowledge of metal, slew with weapons made of flint the wild beasts on which they subsisted, and moved from place to place on foot, car-

rying their simple possessions on their backs or on the dog travois.

In those days the securing of daily food must have been a difficult matter for many tribes, and the laying up of any provision for the future doubly hard. The great beasts, so easily slaughtered by the rifle, or even by the iron-headed arrow shot into them at a close range by a mounted man, must have been well-nigh invulnerable to the stone-headed arrow. The tough thick hide, covered with a close mat of fur, presents resistance to the keen edge of a modern knife, and could have been pierced only by the best arrows of that day, shot at very short range; and if the careful hunter crept close enough to the buffalo, and his arm was strong enough to drive the blunt-headed shaft deep into the body, the great beast, irritated by the prick of the puny dart, instead of running away, might turn to fight the one who had injured it. Often, no doubt, the man kept out of sight and shot arrow after arrow into it, for there was no sound to alarm it, and it could not tell whence the hurt came; but let the animal learn the cause of this pain, and the man was in great danger; for a wounded buffalo was a terrible antagonist, swift of foot, resistless in power, only to be avoided by the exercise of that cunning which has ever given man the mastery over the brute. In that age of stone the contest between wild man and wild beast was not an unequal one. The beast was the stronger, the quicker, the better armed of the two. Man's advantage lay altogether in his intelligence.

Traces of the fear in which these great brutes were held may still be discovered in the traditional stories of certain tribes, which set forth how in those days, before men were provided with arms, the buffalo used

to chase, kill, and eat the people. Such tales, still given with considerable detail among the Blackfeet, the Arikaras, and other tribes, show very clearly how greatly the buffalo were dreaded in ancient times, and such fear could hardly have arisen save as the result of actual experience of their power to inflict injury and death. If the buffalo had always been found to be the stupid but timorous animal that he was in the later days of the great herds, stories such as these could not have gained currency or persisted, and it seems clear that all of these traditional stories have some basis of fact and are in some measure founded on experience. Lapse of time, the changes which would inevitably result from the transmission of a tale through succeeding generations of narrators, and an imperfect comprehension of the relations of things may, in a measure, have twisted and distorted the fact or the experience; but if it is possible to trace the tale far enough, the fact and the circumstance will always be found.

Long before the time of the bow and arrows there must have been a day when for these men—the ancestors of the Indians whom we know—the capture of such a great animal as the buffalo was an impossibility, a thing altogether beyond their power to compass, and not to be contemplated: a time when the food of the people consisted of the fruits of the earth and the small animals; those which were so numerous, so timid, and so lacking in craft or wariness, that even feeble man, armed only with his club—the first weapon—could circumvent and kill them. In some of the tribes there still persist traditions of those earliest times, when arms—the bow and arrow, the shield and lance—were unknown, and many of the

practices of those ancient times have endured even to the present day. The Blackfeet tell of a time when they had no arms and lived on roots and berries, and detail early methods of capturing animals; and the Cheyenne traditions go back to the days when they subsisted altogether on rabbits, the skins of which furnished also their clothing. Some of the tribes of the central plateau in our own day secured their food of rabbits and grasshoppers by simple methods which are very old; and in the ways in which the women of all tribes gather berries and roots, and in which boys with long slender whips kill birds, we see the survival of practices which have a great antiquity. The invention of the bow and arrow—the traditional history of which is given by many tribes—marked a tremendous step in advance of these early methods, and yet even this invention still left the Indian but meagrely equipped for the struggle with the great beasts which were furnishing him with food at the time that he was discovered by the white man. Old men still tell of hearing their grandfathers speak of the complaints made by their ancestors of the difficulty of obtaining food in primitive times; of how often they were hungry, and how constantly they were moving about to find regions where animals were more numerous and more easily to be approached. Often such statements come out incidentally in the course of conversation, or are made to explain certain wanderings of which tradition speaks.

Since his armament was so inefficient as to make the capture of game at all times uncertain, and since the effort to secure it was often attended with danger, it must early have occurred to the Indian to devise for capturing food in quantity some method which

should be more certain and more safe than the bow and arrow. The problem was long pondered over, and the first steps toward solving it, no doubt, took the direction of improving the traps and snares which they employed for the capture of the smaller animals, and the evolution of the pen with the extended wings, into which the buffalo or antelope were brought and captured whole herds at a time, was slow. On the other hand, in those early, as in more modern days, the Indian's whole study was the animals among which he lived. Constantly engaged in watching them and trying to learn how they would act under particular conditions, he knew their habits better than he knew anything else. Long before the traps, so successfully used, were devised he must have known of the existence in buffalo and antelope of that curiosity which made the trap feasible, and which to the animals proved so self-destructive.

Scattered along the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, and at many points of the great central plateau, may be seen to-day the remains of the ancient traps in which the Indians once took the buffalo. Most of the tribes gave up their use many years ago—soon after they obtained horses and learned to ride—and all the more perishable portions of wings and enclosures have long since crumbled to decay; but in various localities in Montana and Colorado the plains are still marked by the long lines of heaped-up stones which formed the arms of the chute that guided the doomed animals toward the cliff or the slaughter pen.

The common method \* of taking buffalo, by those

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\* An account substantially like this was given by me in Scribner's Magazine for September, 1893, entitled *The Last of the Buffalo*.

tribes which inhabited the broken country close to the mountains, was to build a V-shaped chute, the arms of which extended far out on the prairie and came together at the top of a cliff, or a cut bank, over which the buffalo were expected to fall. If the cliff was high and vertical, the fall killed or crippled most of the animals, but if it was only a cut bank of moderate height, an enclosure was built at the foot of the bank below the angle of the V, from which the animals could not escape after they had made the plunge. We may imagine that originally they attempted always to drive the buffalo over high cliffs, where the fall would kill them, and that the enclosure was a later development from this.

The building of one of these traps involved a great deal of labour and took a long time, but after it had been completed, it was practically indestructible, and with annual repairs would last for generations. A spot was chosen beneath a convenient cut bank in a valley, usually near timber. With their rude tools they cut down the trees, and then dragged them near to the foot of a bank, and here the wall of the pen was raised, logs, rocks, poles, and brushwood being used to make a wall six or eight feet high, and so close that it could not be seen through. No special pains were taken to make it strong, for it was quite certain that the imprisoned buffalo would not dash themselves against it and try to push the wall down—although if at any point it was low, some very active animal might try to leap over it, or if there were large open spaces in the wall, one of them might attempt to burst through it; but there was no danger that they would surge against it in a mass, and so break it down and escape. While the pen was being built some of the women and boys were busy on

the prairie above, bringing—often from a great distance on their backs or on the dog travois—stones to make the rock piles for the chute. These were heaped up in piles four or five feet high and six or eight in circumference, and were distant from each other from twenty to thirty feet. If the country was not stony, clusters of bushes were sometimes set up in the ground in place of the heaps of stones.

Modifications of this form of trap were used by the Cheyennes, who constructed their pen in a valley on a buffalo trail which was in use. It was sometimes built in a grove of trees, both for convenience in getting the logs and poles to form the walls, and because the standing trees served as supports for the wall, or, again, they built it under a cut bank, which thus constituted a part of the wall, and the wings stretched out on the level valley. Near the entrance to the pen, men lay hid to close it after the animals had gone in, using poles and brush, or poles alone, over which they hung robes. The northernmost of the three tribes of the Blackfoot confederation, and also the Plains Crees, both of whom lived at a distance from the mountains and in a country which was rolling rather than broken, made their pens on level ground not far from timber, where they secured the logs and brush for the walls. As elsewhere explained, the buffalo passed down the chute in the ordinary way, and at the angle of the V ran onto a fenced causeway, or bridge, which led them by a slight incline up to the level of a low point in the wall, from which they jumped down into the pen. When the last of the band had entered, men, hidden near by, quickly put poles across the low places in the wall and hung robes over them so as to make the wall appear continuous. Traps similar in most respects to these



were used by some tribes for taking antelope in rather recent times; so lately that I have seen remains of the wooden wings and corral in northwestern Utah, in the country ranged over by Utes, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. The Blackfeet also captured antelope in the same way, but instead of a pen at the angle of the V, they dug a large pit there, which they covered with a loose roof made of slender poles, twigs, and grass. When the antelope ran over the pit they broke through this roof, and falling into the pit were unable to get out again, and were easily secured by the men who were hidden near at hand.

It may naturally enough be asked how these wild animals were induced to enter these traps in which they were destroyed in such numbers. It is usually stated that they were driven into the chute and down the lane between the arms of the V, and so hurried toward the angle where they made the fatal plunge into the pen or the pit; but this is by no means an exact statement of what happened. Both buffalo and antelope are by nature curious animals, and it was the Indians' knowledge of this characteristic and their ability to play upon it that enabled them to entrap their prey. Let us see how they went to work on a hunt.

When the buffalo were near one of these old-time traps—which were called “falling places” by some tribes and are spoken of to-day as “pounds”—the first step toward capturing them was to induce them to come within the dividing arms of the V. In each tribe there were certain men who were especially skilful in this work of decoying the buffalo, either because of their great experience or by reason of some supernatural power which they had. A Blackfoot might be the possessor of an I-nis'kim—a buffalo stone—

which gave him, through some force inherent in itself, the power to call the buffalo; the member of another tribe might have some very powerful secret helper, which would aid him in his undertaking. Whatever the power he possessed, or however he had obtained it, the man who was to lead the buffalo spent a good part of the night before he made his attempt in prayer, invoking the aid of the special power on which he relied. In some cases he called in the priest to help him in his prayers, but quite as often he prayed alone, burning sweet grass and sweet pine to draw his helper to him, and also purifying himself by passing his arms and body through the perfumed smoke, and by grasping handfuls of the smoke and rubbing it over his body, arms, and legs. The members of the camp knew what was to take place the next day, and refrained from going into or even near the lodge of the man who was thus engaged in prayer.

Early in the morning, long before the dawn, the Blackfoot man arose from his short sleep and prepared for his undertaking. He neither ate nor drank, but spoke earnestly to his wives, bidding them remain within the lodge until his return, and telling them that they must burn sweet grass to the Sun and pray for his success. Then he left the lodge and climbed the bluffs toward the upper prairie where the arms of the chute were. Some men went forth naked, others carried a dress made of the entire skin of a buffalo, the head and horns arranged like a buffalo head, while the rest of the skin hung down over the wearer's back. He marched steadfastly along, speaking to no one, for he felt the solemnity of the occasion. When the caller set out, all the men and boys and many of the women of the camp followed him up on the prairie, and by

twos and threes lay down behind the piles of stones which formed the arms of the chute. The caller proceeded on his way until he had come near to some herd of buffalo, whose position had been ascertained the night before. When he was near enough to be seen, yet not so close that they could clearly distinguish what he was, he began to act very strangely. He raised himself up so as to be in plain sight, then ducked out of view, stood up again and whirled round and round, hid again, and then walked to and fro, half concealed. This had not gone on long before the nearest buffalo began to stare at the man, looking for a long time in the endeavour to make out what the moving object was, and then taking a few steps toward him to get a nearer view. This attracted the attention of others of the herd, and they too began to look and to move a few steps at a time after their fellows. When the caller had succeeded in fairly attracting the attention of the nearest buffalo, he began to move slowly away in the direction of the chute. He still continued his antics, and perhaps also called to the buffalo, *Hoo, hoo, hoo, ini'uh, ini'uh, ini'uh*. As he retreated the buffalo followed, at first walking, but gradually, as they became more excited, going faster, trotting a little and then stopping to look, and at last breaking into a gallop. As they increased their speed, the man changed his pace from a walk to a trot and then to a run, and so they went on, at last at top speed, into the chute, the man running on down between the piles of stone and the buffalo in hot pursuit. As soon as they were well within the chute, however, the attention of the buffalo was distracted from the man who was leading them. For now, from behind each pile of stones which they passed, on either hand,

people began to rise up and shout and yell and wave their robes. Terror took the place of curiosity; the buffalo wished to escape from these noisy and terrifying enemies; the way ahead was clear and they rushed on, heads down and tails up, at an ever-increasing speed. Yet still as they ran the people appeared just behind them on both sides, and the buffalo constantly became more frightened and ran faster, until at length, the angle of the V reached, they plunged over the cliff and down into the pen.

From the camp in the valley all the people who had not gone up on the prairie to hide behind the rock piles had gathered in the neighbourhood of the pen to await the event of the hunt. And as they sat there waiting, they could hear the first faint distant shouts of those who were frightening the herd, and then the yells coming nearer and nearer; then came the dull roar of the buffalos' tread, and then at once the leaders came pitching, rolling, falling over the cliff into the pen. All now rushed to the walls and climbed up on them so as to still further frighten the imprisoned animals. They grunted at them, making a sound not unlike the grunt of the buffalo, and by their cries and gestures strove to keep them from pressing against the walls, or from trying to climb over them. The scene within the pen, although as yet no attempt had been made to kill any of the buffalo, was already one of bloodshed. The buffalo, mad with terror, raced round and round the narrow enclosure; the strongest dashed against and knocked down the weaker, or with their horns threw them out of the way to clear a path for themselves; calves, yearlings, and those injured by the fall were thus knocked down and trampled on by their stronger fellows, or were tossed aside by their horns.

It was a case of panic in a crowd; only the strongest remained uninjured. The Indians were already swarming back from the prairie to act their part in the slaughter, but before they reached the pen, a great number of the smaller buffalo had been killed by their fellows, and only the largest and heaviest were still racing around the pen. These the men shot with their arrows as they passed them, and soon all were down, and the women entered the pen to butcher the slain. The buffalo that were not dead they despatched by breaking in their skulls with mauls. The meat after being cut up was transported to the camp and the pen was cleaned out, the skulls and bones being carried off to a little distance. And now the trees and bushes and drying scaffolds about the camp were red with great sheets of meat and white with strips of backfat, which soon began to turn brown under the hot sun and in the warm dry wind. On the ground lay many hides over which the women were working, preparing them for robes, or more completely tanning them for lodge skins or for clothing. Every one was busy and every one was happy, for there was plenty in the camp, and all day long the feast shout was heard. The fear of hunger no longer oppressed the people.

The capture of the buffalo was the work of the men, while the gathering of the fruits of the earth fell within the duties of the women. Among the agricultural tribes of the North, such as the Mandans, Rees, River Crows, Pawnees, and in ancient times the Cheyennes and some bands of the Dakotas, the women prepared the soil, and planted and hoed the corn, beans, and squashes. They gathered the crop and dried it. The women, too, dug the wild roots and gathered the

berries which formed so important a part of the tribal provisions. For collecting roots they provided themselves with a stick about three feet long, curved, and sharpened at the point, shaped, in fact, somewhat like a sacking needle. This was used to unearth the roots. When berries were abundant, they visited the patches where they grew and tore off the branches of the shrubs, which they then beat over a robe spread upon the ground. The berries so gathered were dried in the sun, and, as has been said, stored in sacks for winter use. Sometimes, before they were thoroughly dry, they were pressed together in cakes to be eaten with meat like bread, but more often the dried fruit was stewed and eaten with boiled dried meat. The fruit of the wild cherry was pounded so as to crush the seed and then dried.

In many places along the flanks of the mountains the camas root grew in such abundance that it formed an important item in the subsistence of some tribes. After being dug by the women, it was subjected to a cooking process before being dried. A large pit was dug, in which a fire was built and kept up until the earth at the bottom and sides of the pit was thoroughly heated. Then the ashes were removed, and the pit lined with grass and filled with camas roots. More grass being laid on top of the roots and a little earth on the grass, a hot fire was built on top of the whole, which was kept up until the mass was cooked. This process of cooking distilled from the bulbs a brown sweet sirupy fluid, which was eagerly sought for by the children, who greedily sucked the grass with which the pit was lined. After the bulbs had been so cooked, they were removed from the pit and spread out in the sun to dry, and afterward put in sacks.

Sometimes before being dried they were pressed together in cakes to form a bread. Many other roots were eaten.

Many of the mountain tribes peeled the bark from certain trees at the proper season of the year, and gathered the soft sweet inner coating which lies next to the wood. Some tribes, like the Kutenais and Flatheads, collected spruce gum and chewed it.

Among the tribes which lived along the larger rivers flowing into the Pacific Ocean the great event of the year was the arrival of the salmon on their journey up the streams to their spawning grounds. It was during this run that the Indians secured provision for the year, and to these people the salmon stood in just the relation that the buffalo did to the Indians of the plains. Shortly before the time when the salmon might be expected, the tribes gathered at their fishing grounds, each band or family making its camp near its own fishing stands. These stands, or favourable points for taking the salmon, belonged each to some family, and the right to occupy each was handed down from father to son. No family trespassed on the stand of another, or, if this was done, it constituted a cause of offence so serious that bloodshed might result. On the different streams different conditions made a variety of methods necessary to take the fish, some of which have already been mentioned. It is impossible to describe all of them.

Many salmon taken on these Western rivers are captured by means of the dip net. This method is still practised all along the rocky banks of the Fraser River, in British Columbia. The river, for the greater portion of its course through the mountains, has cut for itself a deep steep-walled channel, and the



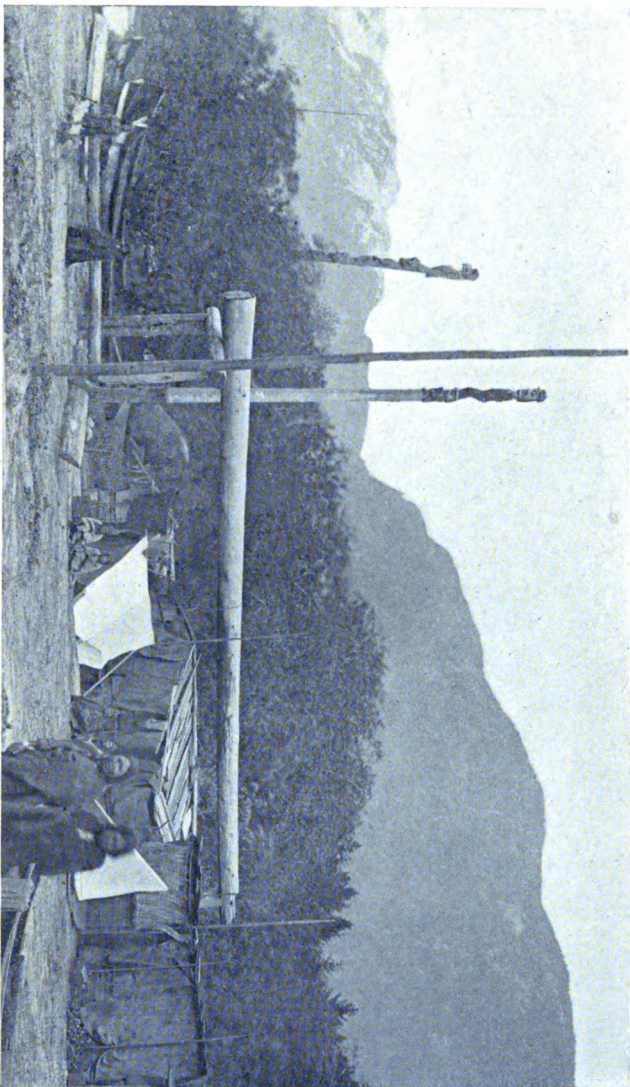


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Indian Village, Knight's Inlet, British Columbia, showing Totem Poles.



salmon on their journey up the stream follow the shore, swimming close to the rocks, where the current is least strong, and they are measurably helped by the eddies. Along the rocky shores, at favourable points, small platforms, supported on horizontal poles, are built out over the water, on which the fisherman stands. He holds in his hand a large scoop or dip net, the pole of which is ten or twelve feet long and the hoop from two to two and one half feet in diameter. The net about the hoop is rather deep, and at intervals of six or eight inches is fastened to small wooden rings, which run freely on the large hoop of the net. A long string, passing from the back of the net up the pole to the man's hand, serves, when pulled taut, to spread the net around the hoop and keep it open; but when this string is loosened, the small rings by their weight run together at the lower part of the hoop, and the net becomes a closed bag.

When this implement is to be used, the Indian, standing on the platform, holds the pole or net in both hands, the string being drawn taut and held on the crooked little finger, and with a slow steady motion he sweeps the net with the current. If he feels anything strike it he loosens the string, the mouth of the net closes and it becomes a bag which holds whatever may be in it. It is then brought to the surface and the fish taken out, killed, and tossed on the bank. Simple as it is, this is a most effective means of taking these fish, and it requires very little skill to manipulate it. I recollect that the first time I ever used this net, I took five fine salmon in six sweeps. The salmon, nosing its way up the stream through the turbid waters, cannot see the man above it nor the approaching net, and knows of this only

when its nose touches the meshes, and as soon as it strikes these, the net closes about it.

The Indians begin to gather at the rivers some time before the fish make their appearance, and soon after their arrival the drying scaffolds are repaired, and the platforms, which may have been damaged by the high water of the spring freshets, are put in order. The men, while keeping always a good lookout for the coming of the salmon, hunt a little at this time, and the women are busy getting berries.

Just as with certain tribes of the Indians of the plains the buffalo hunt was preceded by religious ceremonies and the first animal taken was sacrificed to the Deity, so with these Indians of the Pacific slope, religious ceremonies and sacrifices were performed at the opening of the salmon run. The arrival of the first salmon of the season was eagerly looked forward to, and its capture celebrated with solemn rites. This first fish belonged not to its captor, but to the Deity, and as soon as caught, it was taken to the chief priest of the tribe and delivered into his keeping. A young maiden was then chosen, and, after being stripped naked and washed, cross lines of red paint, representing the meshes of a net, were drawn over her body and limbs, and she was then taken down to the river, where, while prayers were made for a great run of salmon, and for success in the fishing, the paint was washed off. This ceremony was to make their nets fortunate. Further prayers were made, the salmon was offered to the Deity, and then cut up into small pieces, one of which was given to each person present. At the conclusion of these religious rites, all were free to enter on the fishing.

The omission of this ceremony with the accompany-

ing sacrifice was a sin which was sure to bring bad luck, and among one of the Fraser River tribes there is a story which shows how such sacrilege was punished. Just below the cañon on the Fraser, and near the town of Yale in British Columbia, a great rock or small island rises from the middle of the river, dividing the current into two streams of nearly equal volume. It is said that long ago this rock was not there.

Once, when the people gathered for the fishing, they were very hungry. All their dried fish had been eaten, their hunters had had no luck, no berries had grown that year. It was a hard time, and the people were starving. They camped here, looking for the coming of the fish, which should bring them plenty and contentment. It was a woman who caught the first fish, and she at first intended to take it to the priest, as she ought to have done, but she was very hungry, and instead of doing this she determined to say nothing about the matter and devoured the fish. For this crime the Deity changed her into a great rock and threw it into the middle of the river, where we see it now, to stand there always, as a warning to the people. Some believe that this woman, though changed to stone, can still think and feel, and that each year she is obliged to bear the pain of seeing re-enacted all about her the events in which, as a child, a young girl, and then as a mother, she had often taken part. Each year, too, she sees her people change their habits, each year perceives their numbers growing less, and the land that was once all their own passing into the hands of strangers to her race and to the soil.

Silently and with the firm endurance of her race she has borne her punishment, but the end of her sufferings is at hand. Already the thunder of the white

man's blasting has shaken her, already the scream of the locomotive and the rattle of paddle wheels have sounded all about her. Some day an enterprising engineer, who wishes to improve the navigation of the Fraser, will introduce a charge of dynamite into a crevice of the rock, and the poor sinner, whose penance has surely by this time expiated her crime, will pass from the sight of men and at last find rest.

## CHAPTER V.

### HIS HUNTING.

It was summer—the time of ripening berries—and the women were busy gathering the fruit and drying it for winter use. Each morning little companies of women, young and old, mounted their horses and set out up or down the stream or over the bluffs to the prairie, to the places where many berries grow. With them went some man—a husband or a close relation—who kept watch for them, while they worked, sitting on the top of some high hill where he could overlook the country, and give timely warning if any enemy should appear. Down in the brush the women were soon busy, breaking off great branches laden with ripe fruit, and beating them over a robe spread on the ground, until many had been gathered and put in the parfleches and loaded on the horses, and all the while they talked and joked and laughed.

Sometimes they might come to where a bear had been gathering berries too, and then the laughter and the talk would suddenly cease, and perhaps they came out of the bushes a good deal scared, and that day gathered no more fruit. Sometimes from the top of the hill where he sat, the man might signal that he saw people coming, and then all the women would quickly gather up their things and mount their horses and hurry toward the camp. And if the people were



enemies they chased the women, and perhaps caught and killed some.

Other women went to the patches where the camas grows, and with their long crooked root diggers unearthed great piles of the roots. The pits were dug and fires built in them until the dirt all about was hot, and then the pits were lined with grass and white sage and the roots flung in and covered up. Then fires were built over the pits, and old women, staying by them, kept them burning for two or three days till the roots were cooked. Then came the uncovering, the gathering of the eager children to suck the sweet sirup from the grass and weeds, and the spreading out of the roots in the sun. When these, too, were dried and stored away for the winter, many sacks and parfleches of roots and dried sarvis berries and bull berries and pounded choke cherries were stored in the lodges.

For some time the buffalo had not been close by. The people had eaten all their fresh meat, but they still had plenty of good dried meat and backfat and tongues; so they were living well. Now, the buffalo had come again, and two young men, scouting about over the prairie to see what they could discover, had found a large herd by a little stream in a wide flat with hills all about it. They had not frightened them, nor tried to kill even a single heifer, but had gone carefully around them, and hurried back to the camp to tell the chiefs what they had seen; for these were young men of good sense, whose hearts were right.

When the people heard that the buffalo had been seen, they all talked about it and wondered what the chiefs would order to be done, and all hoped that it would be decided to chase the buffalo. When the

chief learned that this food was near, he asked the priests what their opinion was about the matter—what ought to be done. And when the priests said that the signs were right, and that they would have good luck, the chief gave the order that the next day they should chase the buffalo and try to kill plenty of them. Then everybody was glad.

So the people made ready for the killing on the morrow. All the running horses were brought in and tied up, and the women had their pack horses close by the camp, where they could catch them in a little while. Every man had looked over his arms to see that his bowstring was right, that all his arrows were straight and strong, and the points well sharpened. Some young boys, who were now to make their first hunt, were excited, and each was wondering what would happen to him, and whether he would kill a buffalo, and was hoping that he might act so that his father and his relations would praise him and say that he had done well.

Many of the men prayed almost all night, asking that they might have good luck; that their horses might be sure-footed and not fall with them, and might be swift to overtake the fastest of the cows; that they themselves might have good sight to aim the arrow, and that their arms might be strong to draw the bow, so that they would kill much meat. They smoked and burned sweet grass and sweet pine to purify themselves. Other men, having told their wives to call them before the first light appeared in the east, slept all through the short night.

So now, the day of the buffalo killing had come. This morning every one arose very early, and when the time came, all the men, except those too old to

ride and the few so poor that they had no horses, rode up on the prairie before the day broke. Back in the camp, many smokeholes were sending up showers of sparks, and a red glow came from some open doorways; but in front of them the prairie was dark, and only toward the east could the hills and buttes be seen dimly standing against the pale rim of the horizon.

The eastern sky was beginning to grow light, and the stars dim; the air was cool with the chill that comes before the dawn, and there was no sound except the dull murmur of many hoof beats upon the prairie as man after man rode up and joined the others, until almost all were there and they started away.

Some of the men have saddles of antelope skin, padded with hair, but most ride without saddles, and each horse is guided by a long rawhide line, one end of which is knotted about his jaw, while the other drags on the ground. The men wear only breechclouts and moccasins, and carry their bows and arrows in their hands. The few who use guns have the powder horn slung over the shoulder and a few bullets wrapped in the breechclout, but each one carries half a dozen balls in his mouth.

At first the hunters ride scattered out over the prairie without much appearance of order, some of them lagging behind, but most of them well up to the front. Yet none pass a line of men, the soldiers of the camp, who have the charge of the hunt; for to-day these soldiers are the chiefs, and everything must be done as they direct. Every one must obey them, and he who does not will have a hard time. They will whip him with their quirts, and, if he shall do something very bad, may destroy his property, cut

up his lodge, break the poles, and do much harm; but every one knows how he ought to live, and if he does not observe the laws of the camp, he knows what he may expect. So the soldiers ride ahead of the hunters, slowly, keeping back those who wish to hurry ahead, giving time for those who are late or who have slow horses to catch up, so that, when the word shall be given to charge the buffalo, each one may have an equal chance to do his best.

They ride on slowly, in a loose body, some hundreds in all, going no faster than the soldiers who ride before them. Now and then, men who have been late in leaving the camp come rapidly up from behind, and then settle down into the slow gallop of the leaders. By this time the sun is rising and flooding the prairie with yellow light; the grass, already turning brown, is spangled with dew and glistens in the sunlight. The sweet wild whistle of the meadow lark rings out from the knolls, and all about the skylark and the white-winged blackbird are hanging in the air, giving forth their richest notes. Now and then a jack rabbit or a kit fox is startled from its bed in the grass by the trampling of the horses, and dashes away diagonally to right or left of the line of the advance; or a family of antelope, surprised in some hollow, race to the top of a neighbouring hill and stand there, looking curiously, until the rush of horsemen has passed out of sight.

The men do all they can to spare the horses that they wish to use for the running. Some trot along on foot beside their animals, resting an arm on the withers; others ride a common horse, and lead the runner until the moment comes for the charge; or two men may ride a common horse, one guiding it and

the other leading the two runners. Mile after mile is passed over at a slow gallop until the spot where the buffalo were feeding is reached. Here the company is halted, and two or three of the soldiers creep forward to the crest of the hill and peer over. The buffalo are still there, feeding or lying down, unsuspecting of danger.

A sign from the chief of the soldiers warns every one that the time for the charge is at hand. The common horses are turned loose and the runners mounted; bows are strung, and arrows loosened in their quivers. Men and horses give signs of eagerness. The horses, with pricked ears, look toward the hilltop, while the movements of the men are quick. At another sign, all mount and ride after the soldiers, who are passing over the crest of the hill. All press to the front as far as they can, and now, instead of being in a loose body, the men ride side by side, with extended front. As they descend the slope toward the buffalo the pace grows faster, until at last the swift gallop has become almost a run, but as yet no man presses ahead of his fellows, for the soldiers hold their places; until the signal for the charge shall be given all are under restraint.

In the flat before them, scattered over the level land like cattle in a pasture, the buffalo still feed, undisturbed. Great bulls are cropping the grass on the outskirts of the herd; yellow calves run races about their mothers, or impatiently bunt them with their heads as they try to nurse; and the young cows and bulls are scattered out over the plain. All are intent on their feeding, and as yet none have noticed the dark line sweeping down toward them. In a moment, however, all this is changed: the buffalo begin to raise

their heads and look, and then—either recognizing an enemy, or believing that other buffalo, frightened, are coming toward them—the herd, panic-stricken, turns away in a headlong flight. As they start, the leader of the soldiers gives the signal so long looked for. All restraint is removed. The line breaks, all semblance of order is lost, and a wild race begins, a struggle to be first to reach the buffalo, and so to have choice of the fattest animals in the herd.

Each rider urges forward his horse at his best speed. The fastest soon draw away from the main body and are close to the herd; the hindmost buffalo are passed without notice, and the men press forward to reach the cows and young animals which lead the band. The herd is split in twenty places, and soon all is confusion, and horses and buffalo race along side by side. Over the rough billowing backs of the buffalo the naked shoulders of the men show brown and glistening, and his long black hair flies out far behind each rider, rising and falling with his horse's stride. The lithe bodies swing and bend, and the arms move as the riders draw the arrows to the head and drive them to the feather into the flying beasts. It is hard to see how those who are riding in the thick of the herd can escape injury from the tossing horns of the buffalo, now mad with fear, but the ponies are watchful, nimble, and sure-footed, and avoid the charges of the cows, leap the gullies, and dodge the badger holes. In a few moments the herd is turned, and all are once more racing back over the flat from which they started; but all along where they have passed, the yellow prairie is dotted here and there with brown carcasses, among which stand at intervals buffalo with lowered heads, whose life is

ebbing away with the red current that pours from their wounds, but whose glaring eyes and erect stiffened tails show that they are ready to fight to the last breath. Perhaps during the chase some hunter has driven his arrow entirely through a buffalo, and the same shaft, after passing through one animal, may have fatally wounded another. Now and again some active daring young fellow may have performed some feat of bravado as to spring from his horse onto the back of a buffalo and ride it for a while, at last killing it with his knife.

It is not long before most of the buffalo have been slain, and the men come riding back over the ground to care for the animals they have killed, each one picking out from the dead those which belong to him. These are known at once by the arrows which remain in them, for each man's shafts bear his private mark.

Meantime the women and children left in the camp have not been idle. As soon as all had eaten, and even while the men were starting out, the women began to catch and saddle the pack horses, and to fix the travois to them. Some of the larger dogs, too, were pressed into the service and harnessed to small travois. Each woman set out as soon as she was ready, following the trail made by the hunters. Most of the children accompanied their mothers, the younger ones carried along because there was no one to leave them with, the older boys and girls taken to help in the work, or going for the excitement, or because there would be many good things to eat when the buffalo were being cut up.

In this throng, which marches steadily along over the prairie, there is no pretense at discipline or order, such as prevailed among the men. It is a loose mob,

strung out over a mile of prairie, careless, noisy, unprotected. It would be easy, if a little party of enemies were lying hidden behind the neighbouring hills, for them to dash down and take a dozen or fifty scalps. But the thought that this might happen occurs to no one. The women chatter and laugh with one another in shrill tones, or scold at the children or at the horses; the shouts and yells of the little boys, who dart here and there in their play, are continuous; the shrill neighing of lost colts and calling mares, mingle with the barking of the dogs and the crying of babies, the whole making a concert of high-pitched sounds which is almost deafening. All the women are riding, with their little children on their backs or on the horses before and behind them, or perhaps inclosed in wicker cages built like the frame of a sweat house on the tra-vois, and only those lads go on foot who are old enough to have escaped from woman's care, but are yet too young to hunt.

When the head of the disorderly procession reaches the crest of the hill above the killing ground a change is seen in the actions of the women and children. They call out joyfully at the sight of the carcasses, and hurry down to the flat. As the women recognise the men, scattered about skinning and cutting up the buffalo, each one hurries toward her husband or near relation to help him. The boys, excited by their surroundings, catch the spirit of their elders, and shoot their blunt arrows against the carcasses.

Indians are expert butchers, and it does not take long for them to skin the buffalo. The hide is drawn to one side, and the meat rapidly cut from the bones; then the visceral cavity is opened, the long intestine is taken out, emptied of its contents, and rolled up; the



paunch is opened, emptied, and put aside with the liver and heart; the skull is smashed in and the brains removed, and, of course, the tongue is saved. Very likely the liver is cut up on the spot, and, after being sprinkled with the gall, is eaten raw; women and children tear off and eagerly devour lumps of the sweet white fat which clings to the outside of the intestine. All are jolly and good natured, though hard at work, and the children play merrily about. The old and steady pack horses graze near at hand, while the younger and wild ones are made fast to the horns of the dead buffalo. The camp dogs gorge themselves on the rejected portions, and gnaw at the stripped skeletons. When work on a buffalo is finished, the hide, hair side down, is thrown on a horse, on this the meat is packed; the ends of the hide are then turned up, and the whole is lashed in place by lariats. Then the party moves on to look for another buffalo killed by an arrow belonging to their lodge.

Before long, boys, girls, and women, young and old, are climbing the bluffs toward the camp, leading the laden pack horses, which not only carry heavy loads on their backs, but also drag as much more meat on the travois behind them. On reaching camp, the loads are taken off, the hides are folded up, and some of the meat is cut into thin sheets and hung on the drying scaffolds, while the choicer parts are placed in the lodge. When this has been done the hides are spread out on the ground, and the women, armed with fleshers of stone or bone, begin to cleanse them of all the flesh, fat, and blood that clings to them. All through the day the loads come into camp, and the scene is one of bustle and hard work. The men who have returned sit in the shade and talk over the incidents of

the hunt; admiration is expressed for the skill and bravery of one man, while another, to whom some absurd accident has happened, is unmercifully laughed at by his fellows. If some unusual buffalo—one that is spotted or roan—has been killed, its skin is the centre of a group of the men, and the priests and doctors are asked what this portends, whether it promises good luck or bad to slayer and camp.

As evening draws on the feast shout begins to be heard from all sides, the women lay aside their tasks and prepare the evening meal. The feasters gather in various lodges, and people are constantly passing to and fro. At one or two points within the circle of the lodges, some young men and boys have built fires in the open air, and before each of these a great side of fat buffalo ribs is roasting, propped up on two green cottonwood sticks, while the lads lounge about the fire waiting for the meat to cook. When at last it is done, they shear off the long ribs one after another, and with knives and strong white teeth strip from the bones the juicy flesh.

Every one rejoices in the abundance of food. Song and dance and light-hearted talk are heard on every side, and so the night wears on.

Such was a day's hunting when were killed the buffalo, the main support of the people. The smaller animals were necessarily hunted in a different way, and deer, elk, sheep, and antelope were stalked and shot singly with arrows. If skins for war shirts are needed by a chief's wife, she tells her husband and he kills them.

In the morning early, while the first meal is being eaten, the chief directs a young man—his son or a servant—to go and bring in certain horses. The boy

hastily swallows his food, and, picking up a rawhide rope, starts off for the bluffs, whence he soon returns, riding one horse and leading another, both of which he ties before the lodge. Entering the door, he soon appears again with a high-peaked saddle and a square of buffalo skin, which he straps on the led horse, and before this operation is ended, the chief comes out equipped for the hunt. He carries an old-fashioned, crooked-stocked muzzle-loading rifle, which has evidently seen long service, for its brown wood is split and bound up with thongs of rawhide put on green and allowed to dry. He slips the arm into a fringed buckskin gun case as he comes out. His balls and patches are carried in a flat beaded buckskin pouch, which hangs over the shoulder by a broad belt of dressed elk skin; the powder is in a stoppered cow's horn hanging from the other shoulder, while the caps are in a little circular rawhide box, hung from the neck by a buckskin string. Hanging from his right wrist by a buckskin loop is his quirt, the handle of polished elk horn white as ivory, while the lash is of plaited rawhide. Hitching his robe up over his shoulders, Three Suns clambers into the saddle and rides off toward the bluffs, while the younger man springs lightly on his barebacked horse and follows. Neither horse wears a bridle, but knotted about the lower jaw of each is the usual long line of rawhide by which it is guided.

The distance to the bluffs is short, and as the two ride along, Three Suns tells his companion that he intends to go to Elk River to look for mountain sheep, and explains where he expects to find them and how he proposes to hunt them. The bluffs are reached and climbed, and the men gallop swiftly over the few miles to the river.

Scattered over the yellow prairie that they are traversing are many feeding antelope, which move a little way from their path as they advance, running to the top of the nearest hills, where they stand and stamp and snort until the men have passed them. Here and there too, they see, singly or by twos and threes, buffalo bulls, but no considerable herds. Before long they draw up their horses by the side of a ravine, not far from the top of the bluffs that overlook Elk River.

Leaving the horses here, throwing down the lines so that they shall not wander, the two men crept stealthily down to a point of the bluff which commanded a view of a portion of the river bottom, and here sat down and looked over the country for game.

Before them lay a wide prospect of the valley, gray with sage, and interrupted only here and there by copses of green willow growing along the river and the wet ravines. At intervals rose groves of tall cottonwoods, whose straight gray trunks were crowned by masses of shining silvery leaves. Away to the west, the broad curves of the great river shone like ribbons of silver; in front of them its smooth waters were pale green, while to the east it was swallowed up by the gray bluffs, which there drew close together.

Scattered over the valley were many groups of antelope; down among the willows, near the river's bank, a band of elk were resting, and a few black dots were seen in the distance—bulls feeding or at rest. Near a rough rocky point of the bluff, less than half a mile above them on the bottom, were a dozen animals, whose white rumps made them look like antelope, but which were gray in color and bore great curving horns. These were sheep. It was now the

middle of the morning, and before long the animals might be expected to climb the rocks and lie down to rest during the warmer hours of the day. Already they were slowly feeding toward the bluffs.

Three Suns spoke a few words to his companion, pointing to the sheep and the rocks above them, and then the men cautiously withdrew to where their horses had been left. Mounting, they rode quickly to a ravine nearly above where the sheep were, and there dismounting, left their horses in a hollow well out of sight. Three Suns threw aside his robe and his gun cover, and descended the ravine toward the valley, while the boy crept to the leeward side of the bluff's point, until he had reached a position where, concealed by great stones and some low cedar bushes, he could command a view of the ridge which ran down to the valley. Here, with a sheaf of arrows in his right hand and a bow in his left, he waited and watched.

Meantime, Three Suns, hidden from view by the high ground on either side, had gone down to the level of the valley, where it was crossed by a narrow gully, three or four feet deep, from the mouth of the ravine—in spring a water course for the melting snow, but now dry. Along this Three Suns made his crouching way. Creeping on hands and knees when the banks were low, or sometimes flat on his face, as he passed some little tributary water course which gave a view of the bottom, before long he had reached the point where the sheep should be, and choosing a spot where a thick bunch of rye grass grew on the edge of the bank, he raised his head and looked through the close-set stems. At first only the ground near to him was visible, but as his view became wider he saw, only

a short distance away and between himself and the bluffs, two fat rams quietly feeding. He drew back a little, crossed his two resting sticks, took a long, careful aim, and fired. One of the rams fell, while the other jumped, looked about for a moment, then trotted out of sight. Drawing back, Three Suns loaded as quickly as possible and then again raised his head, but there were now no sheep in sight. He crept on toward the point where they had been, and on ascending a little rise of ground, saw them slowly walking toward the ridge, but too far away for him to hope to reach them with his rifle. Without attempting further concealment, therefore, he walked toward the ram that he had killed, and saw the group of sheep, after stopping for a moment to look at him, turn and begin slowly to climb the bluffs.

All this the boy had seen from his hiding place, but, though he saw that the sheep had started up the point, he did not certainly know that they would come within the range of his arrows. He waited therefore, as it seemed to him, a long time, but at length he could hear the sound of stones rolling and the tread of the sheep's feet and their low calls to one another as they climbed, and presently one after another came in sight close to him, until nine stood huddled together, looking back at Three Suns. Then the boy drew his bow and sent a keen arrow through a mighty ram, just behind the shoulders, and the ram gave a great bound and rushed down the hill, and as he disappeared, another arrow struck a second ram in the throat, and he too rushed down the hill. By this time the sheep had seen the boy, and all dashed away before he could shoot another arrow, but he went down the hill, and following the blood splashed upon

the stones and dirt and grass, found first the sheep that he had shot in the throat, and then the other. Then he was glad, and he cut up the meat and went for the horses and took them down to Three Suns, and they loaded the sheep on the horses and started to the camp.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE WAR TRAIL.

INDIANS are at all times prayerful and careful in their religious observances, but they are never more scrupulous about these matters than when starting on a journey to war. Realizing that they are risking their lives, they implore divine assistance and offer in sacrifice the things which they hold most dear, giving up even parts of their bodies—slices of flesh cut from arms, breasts, and legs. A priest is asked to superintend the medicine sweat, which they take to purify themselves before starting out, and while they are in the sweat lodge, he smokes the sacred pipe and prays for these men who are about to expose themselves to danger, asking that they may return in safety to their people. While they are absent he will continue to pray for their success and welfare, and at intervals will ride about through the camp, shouting out the names of the warriors, so that they may not be forgotten by the people.

The Pawnees were obliged to offer a special burnt offering on starting to war. This was the flesh of the first deer or the first buffalo killed on the journey. Until this sacrifice had been made, it was unlawful for them to eat any fresh meat. The flesh of the antelope or of the elk might not be used in this sacrifice; to offer antelope meat, or to eat of it before the sacri-



fice had been made, was to commit a sacrilege and invite disaster. Under ordinary circumstances the flesh of the antelope was freely eaten, and the Pawnees had a great respect for this species as a strong animal and one possessing great endurance. It had not, however, the sacred character possessed by the buffalo and the deer.

If a war party passed any place which is sacred, presents were offered to propitiate the animals or spirits which gave the place or object its sacred character.

In their warfare two quite diverse methods were pursued. In the secret raids made for the purpose of taking horses, the parties usually were small, and relied for success altogether on their craft and adroitness. On the other hand, when an attack was to be made on an enemy's camp and a battle was in prospect, the parties were often large. In the earliest wars, when horses were few, these parties traveled always on foot; later, the large expeditions were mounted, but the small horse-stealing parties still went on foot. Two obvious reasons suggest themselves to explain this slow and laborious method of travel: Footmen can pass through any region with much less risk of detection than if they were mounted; and, further, men on foot cannot be tracked, while it is usually easy to follow the trail of horses.

If enemies are believed to be near, a war party travels by night, and at all times strives to move by hidden ways, through ravines or low places, traversing the country without leaving any sign of its passage. Thus it is not likely to be detected, except by the unfortunate accident of stumbling upon a force of the enemy. Against such misadventure it is endeavoured

to provide by a thorough system of scouting. If the party consists of half a dozen or more men, one or two are always sent ahead of the main body to look over the country and report if it is safe to go on. Such scouts move with the utmost caution, and ascending to the tops of the highest hills, scan the country spread out before them with extremest care, and if the coast is clear, signal their comrades to advance. Sometimes such scouts may be disguised—as in the case of the Pawnees to represent wolves—or they may trust wholly to their craft and skill in concealing themselves, taking advantage of each hill, hollow, and ravine, until they have reached the position from which the observation is to be taken.

Certain elevated points in the debatable ground lying between the territories claimed by different tribes were regularly resorted to for this purpose. Such a point was the summit of Cone Butte, in the Judith Mountains, in Montana. Here I once came upon a shelter, built of flat slabs of the trachyte which forms the mountain's mass, large enough to contain a single man lying down, and overlooking a wide stretch of country toward the Missouri. At that time this region was a great buffalo range, and to it Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, Crees, Snakes, Crows, Assinaboines, and other tribes of the Dakotas used to resort for meat and skins. The stones which composed the front of this shelter were worn smooth by use, and the ground where the watchers had lain was deeply covered with pine boughs, some quite fresh, and others old and dry, and others still in all stages of decay. These boughs had been broken from the little pine trees that grow on the mountains' crest to make an easy resting place for the watching warrior.

The men chosen to do this scouting are persons of experience; from childhood they have been familiar with the prairie and all its signs. Thus they do not content themselves with looking for people only. They scan the stream valleys to see if among the distant animals feeding in the bottoms there are any that look like horses. The horizon is examined for a tell-tale column of smoke, and the movements of the birds and animals are noted. If wolves are seen sneaking off and looking back, if buffalo or antelope are running, or if the birds are uneasy, the scout draws his conclusions. But if, after a careful examination of his surroundings, nothing suspicious is seen, he signals to his comrades that it is safe for them to come on, and they join him.

As soon as the party has reached the enemy's country or suspects that enemies are near, still greater precautions are taken, and they rest and sleep during the day and travel at night. Meantime all are under strict discipline, and obey without question the orders of their leader. He is the one among them of most experience—their best warrior; no other has so much at stake as he. All are risking their lives, but he is risking reputation as well as life. His responsibility is heavy, and he feels it, and is constantly planning for the success of the expedition and praying that wisdom and acuteness may be given him. He sometimes has a certain religious pre-eminence over the others, for to him have been intrusted by the priests certain secrets of religious ceremonial. His young men obey him implicitly, treat him with the greatest respect, and so far as possible lighten his labours by carrying his burden, relieving him of work in camp, mending his moccasins, and in other ways making things easy for him.

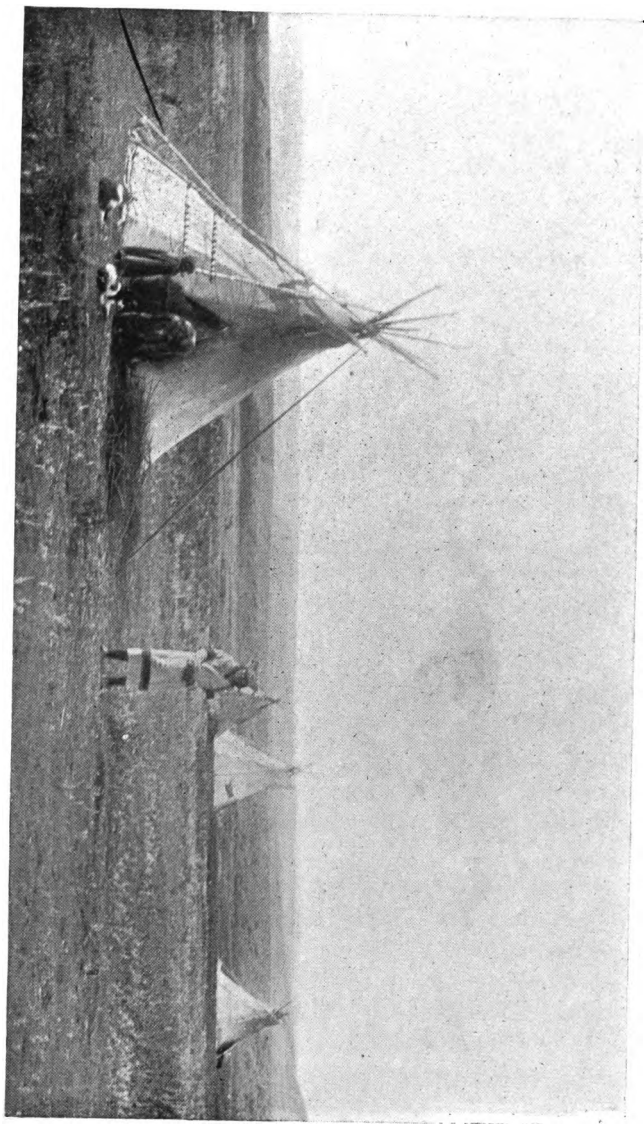
On his part he is thoughtful of the well-being of his young men. On starting out, he is careful to see that the loads which they carry are not too heavy for their strength, and all through the journey he tries to arrange that they shall not be exposed to danger. When any occasion of unusual responsibility arises, it falls upon the leader to do the work; if any act involving great hazard must be performed, he undertakes it. He is always ready to risk his life rather than to allow his young men to go into danger. Thus the members of a war party work well together.

During their journey the warriors are careful to observe all the religious forms. It is true that those whom they have left behind them are praying for their safety, and that in their behalf the priest frequently unwraps his sacred bundle and sings his sacred songs, but they themselves do not neglect the ceremonies in which they have been instructed. At night, when they camp, the first duty to be performed is to smoke the sacred pipe and to offer up prayers. Not until after this has been done is the fire kindled or food eaten. If the party has with it a sacred bundle, which is always carried by the leader, it may be opened during the smoking and the prayers, and its contents reverently viewed. The short time which elapses between eating and going to sleep for the night is devoted by the younger men to rest and to the repairing of moccasins and clothing which has worn out, and by the leader to an exhortation to his young men. He talks to them about the dangers to which they are exposed, and urges them to be steadfast—to have a single mind. They must not rely for success on their own efforts, but must seek help from the Deity. Without his aid they can do nothing;

therefore they must implore him to pity and keep them, remembering always their own weakness. They must be considerate of other living creatures; like us, these were made by God, and he watches over and cares for them as he does for us; therefore they should not be needlessly destroyed. Besides giving this good advice, the leader tries to see that each man before he sleeps makes a special prayer for help. Before starting out in the morning the leader always makes a prayer and sacrifice, and this should be done by each one of the party. So they pursue their journey until a village of the enemy is discovered.

The camp was pitched in the valley, and from the lodges nearest the stream could be heard the soft musical rattle of the water as it hurried along over the smooth stones of the shallows. Above and below, the high bluffs came close together, but just here the valley widened, and on one side of the little river the steep hills scored by deep ravines stood a long distance from the bank, making a broad flat. At the lower end of this was a grove of timber.

The buffalo were close at hand, and in the morning all the men had gone out to chase them, and the women had followed with the travois. All day long people had been going and coming, to and from the killing ground, bringing in great loads of meat and skins. Women were still cutting up flesh and hanging it on the drying scaffolds, and spreading out hides on the ground. The camp was red with meat, and all were happy. In every lodge there was plenty. From all sides sounded the feast shout, the noise of drums, of singing, of laughter, and of talk. Sometimes, during a lull in the tumult of the camp, the sharp bark



Blackfoot Lodges.



of a coyote or the hoarser howling of the big wolves gathered about some carcass, could be heard from the upper prairie, and when the camp dogs heard these sounds they barked back at their wild brothers.

The feasting and merriment continued late into the night; but at length the last of the dancers had ceased to stamp in time to the song, the last circle of feasters had been dismissed by its host, and the gamblers, who for hours had been seated opposite each other, unweariedly guessing which hand held the marked bone, had given up their game and retired to their homes. Now all the noise had died away. Even the wolves had ceased their howling and the dogs slept; only the river kept up its murmur.

The moon, which was already high in the heavens when the sun had set, was now fast dropping toward the western horizon. The Seven Persons had swung around and pointed downward, and the lodges cast black shadows that reached a long distance. It was the middle of the night. In front of the lodges were the tied horses, a few lying down, but most of them standing, with their legs a little spread apart. All were alike asleep. It was very still, and the soft murmur of the water on the stones now seemed loud, yet it was not always the same, for sometimes it grew clearer and more distinct, and again seemed to die away and almost to cease.

The time went by, and now there came from the brook once or twice another sound, as if two stones had been knocked together. It was very faint, hardly to be heard; but if the splashing of water had been joined to this faint click, it might have been thought that some one was crossing the stream, walking through the river, displacing the stones as he went. The noise



was not repeated, but a little later there was something at the edge of the cut bank above the stream that had not been there before—a dark object in the shadow of a low sage brush that might have been a round black stone. Some time passed, and suddenly a man's form appeared erect above the bank, and with half a dozen quick, noiseless steps, moved into the black shadow of one of the lodges. A moment later, a second form appeared, and then likewise disappeared. There was another interval, and then two men walked out into the light and passed quietly down along the line of the lodges. They did not try to hide themselves, but walked steadily along, disappearing for a moment, and then coming out again into the moonlight, and if any one had seen them, he might have thought that two men of the camp were returning late to their homes. At length one of them seemed to have reached his lodge, and the other walked on a little further alone; and then he, too, disappeared in the shadow, and did not again step into the moonlight. And now behind two of the lodges in the village, before which were tied swift running horses, were crouching two young men waiting, watching, listening to see if all was quiet. The moon was sinking, the shadows were growing longer, the light all about was dimmer, but it was still clear moonlight, and one could see a long way.

Left Hand waited for a little time. With his ear close to the lodge skins he could hear the regular breathing of the sleepers within. Once or twice he rose to his feet, about to step around into the light in front of the lodge, but some slight sound from within warned him to wait. At length he rose, and, knife in hand, walked quickly to the horses and stooped down; but at that moment he heard a long sigh, a rustle of

robes, and in an instant and without a sound he again vanished behind the lodge. A soft step was heard within, the door was thrown open, and a man stepped out into the light.

Left Hand was lying on the ground in the black shadow. He held his knife between his teeth, his bow in his left hand, and a sheaf of arrows in his right. There, within a few feet of him, stood an enemy unconscious of danger. It would be easy to shoot an arrow through him, count the *coup*, scalp him, and then disappear in the darkness. He wanted to kill this man, and as he lay there it was hard for him to resist the desire. But he remembered that he was the leader of a war party, and had told his young men that they were to take horses and not to kill enemies, unless they should be discovered and it should become necessary. It would not be right for him to do something that he had told his followers not to do. Besides, to kill this man might bring some of his party into danger. The man would yell, people would rush out of their lodges to see what had happened, and some one of Left Hand's young men might be caught. So Left Hand lay there and waited. The man yawned, stretched himself, and stood for a few moments looking up and down the valley. Then he re-entered the lodge and lay down, drawing his robe over him, and soon his regular breathing told that he slept.

Now Left Hand quickly arose, slipped his bow and arrows into their case, and stepping around in front of the lodges, cut loose two of the horses there and led them down the stream toward the timber. He walked on the side of the horses away from the lodges, stooping low so as to be out of sight, and the animals looked like two loose horses walking away from the camp. In

the edge of the timber he met his companion, who also had taken two horses. They led the animals on through the timber and a little way down the stream, then up a ravine and onto the upper prairie. Mounting here, they rode for a mile to a low, round-topped butte. At the foot of this was a large band of loose horses, collected from the hills and herded by four young men. Left Hand said to them: "It is well, my brothers; let us go." In a moment all were mounted. The horses were started, at first slowly, but in a short time they were being hurried along at their very best speed, and before morning they were many miles away.

It was in this way that the members of a war party entered the enemies' camp, when they had set out bent only on securing plunder—the horse-stealing expedition so commonly talked of.

To thus penetrate into the very midst of the enemies' camp required not a little nerve. The successful horse-taker must be cool and ready in emergency, as well as daring. There was always a fair probability that the warrior would be discovered, for in a large camp there was usually some one moving about, or, if not, the dogs were likely to bark. If a man was recognised as a stranger, he had to act quickly to save his life. It can readily be understood that these expeditions were full of excitement and danger.

Curious things often happened to the men who entered the camp. Left Hand had once waited for some little time, watching a party of gamblers who were playing "hands" in a lodge before which was tied a horse which he greatly desired to take. At length, when he supposed all the players deeply interested, he stepped forward to cut loose the animal, but just as he was about to do so the door was lifted and

two men came out and walked off a little to one side and behind the lodge. Left Hand was just stooping to cut the rope as he saw the door lifting. He stood up and walked directly up to the door, passing close to the men who had come out, who took him for some one belonging to the camp about to enter the lodge and take part in the gambling. He lifted the door as if to enter, and then letting it fall, slipped around the lodge and out of sight. Waiting until the two men had re-entered, he hurried round in front again, cut loose the horse, led it away from the lodge, mounted, and rode off. He was hardly on its back before the loss was discovered, but he made good his escape.

Four Bears, a prominent Piegan, now dead, in his young days had a friend about his own age, whom he dearly loved, and in whose company he often went to war. This young man was brave to the point of recklessness, and so fond of doing unexpected things from mere bravado that he sometimes got his companion into trouble, or at least frightened him very badly.

Once these young men came to a camp early in the evening, and waited near by for an opportunity to enter it without being observed. It was summer and fine weather, and the people were shouting out for feasts and going about from lodge to lodge, visiting each other; children were playing near the lodge doors, and boys and young men were chasing each other about, wrestling and shouting. Four Bears and his companion waited, but the camp did not quiet down, and they began to be uneasy, for before long the moon—now a little past its full—would rise, and then the danger of their undertaking would become much greater. At length his companion's patience

became exhausted, and he told Four Bears that they must manage to get into the camp at once. He proposed that they should imitate the sportive young men of the camp, that one should chase the other into the circle of the lodges, and that there they should wrestle, separate, and then hide. The plan was carried out. They crept as near the lodges as they dared, and then, springing to their feet, raced over the plain. They did not run directly toward the camp, but drew near the lodges gradually, and at length they darted between two of them and into the circle, and then the pursuer with a shout caught the other, and they struggled and rolled on the ground. Parting again, they ran on, and for some time raced about the camp, imitating the play of the boys, trying to get a notion as to where the best horses were. Near one of the lodges, they saw a pen in which were three fine horses, and they determined that they would take these first.

After a time, people went into their homes, the fires died down, and the camp was still. The two Piegiens stole to the pen and began to tear it down as noiselessly as possible. Having made an opening, they entered and caught two of the horses. The one secured by Four Bears was wild, and when he tried to lead it out of the pen it would not follow. His friend, who was waiting for him outside, looked on for a little while, and then said in his natural voice: "Why do you not get on his back and ride him out?" "Hush!" whispered Four Bears, very much frightened, "you will be heard."

"I can't help it," said the other still aloud; "I don't want to wait here all night. The moon is rising." "Do keep quiet!" said Four Bears, and, al-

most dead from fright, he scrambled on the horse's back. Even then the animal would not move from the pen. At this moment a man who had been aroused by the talking spoke from the lodge near by. What he said the Piegiens did not know, for they could not understand his language; but Four Bear's companion called out in reply: "You had better come out here; this man is trying to take your horse." Almost in despair now, and reckless from fright, Four Bears brought down his quirt again and again on the horse's flank, and it darted noisily from the pen, through the camp, and out onto the prairie, while calls and shouts behind them showed that their flight was discovered. Four Bears used to say that he was so weak from fright that in crossing a gully he fell off his horse and for some hours knew nothing. When he came to himself, the moon, which had been just rising when they took the horses, was high in the heavens. He gathered himself up, and creeping off, made the best of his way home.

This same reckless friend of Four Bears once went across the mountains and found a Snake camp, which his party entered to take horses. The best ones were confined in a strongly constructed pen, the breaking down of which entailed a good deal of labour. His companions, as they worked, heard him grumbling under his breath, and when at last they had secured the horses he said to them: "Now, you take these horses and go off with them. I did not come here to work, but the man who owns these horses has made me work pretty hard. I am going to get even with him. You wait for me outside the camp." He went to the lodge near the pen and began to remove the pins which hold the lodge skins together over the

door. Before long this awoke the man in the lodge, who, perhaps thinking that some one was playing a practical joke on him, called out something in the Snake language. The Piegan made no reply, but continued to take out the pins. At length the man rose and came to the door, and as he stepped out the Piegan drove his dagger through him, scalped him, and ran away. He joined the party, and they all got away safe to their home.

On another occasion Four Bears and his friend entered a camp to take horses. It was summer, and the weather was hot. In one lodge in the village a number of men were gambling, and, the lodge skins being raised, the two Piegans crept close to it to watch the game. After a little the friend became interested, and began to bet with Four Bears on the game, but unsuccessfully. He always guessed wrong and lost a number of wagers to his companion. Four Bears, even though he was winning, did not like to wait here, and tried to persuade the other to come away and to take the horses as intended; but the young man becoming more and more interested in the game declined to leave it. He kept betting with Four Bears and invariably lost, the man who had the bone always winning. Four Bears kept getting more and more uneasy and was trying to get away, when suddenly the young man shouted to the gambler who had the bone, "You have won every time, but you shall win no more," and with that he shot him twice with his double-barrelled shotgun, and then he and Four Bears disappeared, reaching camp in safety.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FORTUNES OF WAR.

No one who was not familiar with the West in its early days, and with Indians as they were then, can have any conception of the difficulties and toils undergone by the members of a war party, and to have a full appreciation of them one must have followed a leader day after day for hundreds of miles over burning or frozen prairie. On foot, heavily laden, traveling from twenty to seventy-five miles a day, blistered by the fierce sun, pelted by chilling rains or choked by stifling dust, often foot-sore, without water for many hours, suffering for want of food, subject to the orders of their leader, frightened by dreams or bad omens, and in deadly peril of their lives, the sufferings of a war party, whether physical or mental, were such as might well appal any but those who had stout hearts and great singleness of purpose. Yet the Indian, trained to these severe exercises from his youth up, and coming of a race that for many centuries had been footmen, gladly endured these hardships. Even little lads, twelve or fourteen years old, or younger, used to go on these journeys, and were sometimes effective members of the party. Even if they did not actually accomplish anything themselves, they were passing through their novitiate as warriors, serving their apprenticeship, learning the features of the country so



that afterward they could pass through it without guide or compass, and, by watching the older warriors whom they followed, learning also the art of war as practised by their people—that art which they regarded as the noblest and most worthy of any to which a man could devote himself.

It has been said that the war parties which set out to capture horses were usually small, and that they travelled on foot. This, however, was true only of later times, after the country became more populous by the crowding into it of other tribes from the East, and by the presence of parties of white men, whether trappers, emigrants, or soldiers. In old times, sixty or seventy years ago, it was different. Then the war parties sometimes numbered a thousand men, and all were mounted. Then it was not essential to avoid observation. Such great bodies of men feared no enemy that they might meet, for their numbers were sufficient to overcome any ordinary travelling parties. Acquaintances of my own have told me of war parties which they had accompanied numbering seven or eight hundred men. Even in later times, when a war party started out to attack the settlements, they usually went in large bodies and were mounted.

In recent times it was not very unusual for a man to set out on the war path, accompanied only by his wife. Such expeditions were more often taken by newly married men, and they sometimes lasted for weeks or months and covered a wide extent of country. The woman, while not so efficient as a man would have been, was yet able to do her part on such an expedition. She was perfectly competent to gather up loose stock roaming over the hills near the camp, and to keep together these and such horses as her husband

might bring to her from among the lodges of the enemy. The more difficult and dangerous work of creeping into the camp and cutting loose the better horses which were tied in front of the lodges naturally fell to the man, but having an assistant without the camp to keep together the animals which he brought, he could work much more rapidly and effectively and secure a greater number of animals.

But aside from those cases in which a woman went to war merely as a helper, occupying the place which, if she were a young man, would be that of a servant, there are many incidents recorded in Indian story where women have performed great deeds in war, and by such acts have raised themselves in the public estimation to the high level occupied by the bravest warriors. An example of this is given in a story current among the Pawnees, which is as follows :

A long time ago, once while the Skidi were on the summer hunt, some of their young men made up their minds that they would go off on the warpath. They started, travelling on foot, and went a long way up into the Sioux country. At last they came to a village, and after it was dark they went into the camp and took many ponies, and bringing them out onto the prairie, started for home, riding very fast.

One day, in the afternoon, as they were riding along, they came suddenly upon a war party of Sioux returning to the village they had just left. The Sioux charged them very bravely, and they had a battle. The Skidi killed five Sioux, but in the fight all their ponies were taken from them and nine of the ten men of the party were killed. Among the killed was the leader of the war party, and only one young man, a servant, got away. He travelled back toward the vil-

lage, and when he got there he told his people that he was alone, that all the other members of the war party had been killed, but that before they had died they had killed five Sioux.

When this young man came to the village, the wife of the leader of this war party was sitting at the edge of the village, working on a buffalo robe, putting on it beads and porcupine quills, so that it should be handsome and fine for her husband to wear.

When the people heard that their friends had been killed, they all began to cry for them. The mother of this young woman went to her where she was sitting, and told her that her husband was dead, and that she ought to come home and mourn for him; but when the woman heard that her husband was dead she did not stop to mourn, but kept on working over the robe. She said to her mother, "Now I am nearly through fixing up this robe, and when it is done I will go back to the lodge." As soon as she had finished her work she went into the village, and to the lodge where the young man lived who had just returned. She asked him at what place her husband had been killed and told him to describe the spot, so that if she ever came there she would know it, and when he spoke she listened carefully. She did not cry for her husband.

Now this young woman loved her husband and she wanted to see him again, and in the night she got the two fastest horses belonging to the dead man, packed on them corn and dried meat, and on one put the buffalo robe she had just finished, and then started for the place where her husband had been killed. She went on and on, and after she had travelled two days she came to the place where the dead lay. They had been scalped and cut nearly to pieces. She looked at



When he got there he told his people that he was sorry that all the other members of the war party had been killed, but that before they had died they had killed the Sioux.

When this young man came to the village, the wife of the man of the war party was sitting at the edge of the village, working on a buffalo robe, putting on it some of the porcupine quills, so that it should be handsome and fine for her husband to wear.

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Sioux Chief.



her husband and saw that he had been scalped, and in her heart she determined to be revenged, and she started on the trail of the Sioux.

After three days' hard travel, she came to the top of a hill, from which she could look down and see the Sioux camp. There she hid herself in a thicket, and when night came she crept down close to it. Soon she saw in the circle of the lodges in the centre of the village a big fire, and she went into the camp and found the men and women dancing around this fire. The women were holding long poles with scalps tied to them. They were dancing in a ring, and the men danced outside of the women's circle. The woman watched the dancing until she had made up her mind which man was the leader of the Sioux. He had taken from the leader of the Skidi war party the sacred bundle that he had carried, and now had it on his back. The woman knew this bundle.

After she had seen all this, she put her robe around her, and then went in among the women dancers of the Sioux and danced with them. As they danced around in a circle, every time the Skidi woman came in front of the man who carried the bundle, she would take the robe off her head, so that the man might see her. He looked closely at her, for he did not know her, and he liked her, because she was very pretty. So they danced for a long time. About the middle of the night, the woman began to dance up to the man and to dance before him for a few minutes, and then she would go on dancing around the circle. At last everybody got tired, and they all stopped dancing and began to go to their lodges. The leader now went up to this woman and pulled her to him and took her to one side, and then tried to get her to go with him to his



lodge; but the woman would not go. She would pull him toward her, and finally he went with her. Just outside the village they stopped and sat down on the prairie to talk. The man spoke to her, but she could not understand him. She did not know the Sioux language. He tried to put his arm around her, but the bundle that hung on his back was in his way, and he took it off and put it on the ground. Then he caught her and put his arms around her waist, and she put her left arm about his neck, and holding his head close to her drew her knife from her side and thrust it into his throat, over and over again. Soon the man was dead.

Then the woman stood up and took up the sacred bundle and cut off the leader's head, and went to where her horses were. She tied the head and the bundle to her saddle and started back to her village. After she had travelled for two days, she stopped for a long rest. Here she took the head from the saddle, and took the scalp off it and put it on a pole.

When the woman first came in sight of the Skidi village, no one knew who it was that was coming. She rode like a warrior, for she had the scalp on a pole and her face was painted black, and she was singing her husband's war song. The people wondered who it could be; but at last, when she got close to them, they knew who it was. Her relations had mourned her as dead, but now she came back with good news, for she brought not only a scalp, but the lost sacred bundle.

Then there was rejoicing in the village, for she wiped away the tears from parents, brothers, and sisters of the dead. Now the young warriors were afraid to meet her, for she, a woman, had taken a scalp, and they had not yet done so. After that time

she was always asked to come into the councils of the braves, and she was always welcome at the old men's feasts over this sacred bundle.

It frequently happened that a small party of Indians travelling about were detected, surrounded, and surprised by a much larger body of some hostile tribe, and when this took place the destruction was often nearly or quite complete. Often, too, a small war party who were searching for a hostile camp might be discovered by the scouts of that camp, and themselves be surprised and surrounded, when their destruction was almost certain.

Every tribe that sent out parties to war has its stories of such events, sometimes telling of the total annihilation of some little band of men, and sometimes of their escape from the perils to which they had been exposed; how they were surrounded by the enemy, driven into a patch of brush or up on some high butte; how they were kept there for days; of the sufferings that they endured from hunger and thirst, and how, at length, through the prayers and the wisdom of their leader, or by the intervention of some helpful animal, or the power of some dream, they were enabled to escape from the danger, to creep through the watchful circle of their enemies, and to reach their homes in safety. Some of these stories are very curious and interesting. The Prisoners of Court House Rock, published in my book on the Pawnees, is one of these tales; another example is the escape of a war party under the leadership of Ka-min'-a-kus, chief of the Plains Crees, a tribe which, in later years, was always at war with the Blackfeet.

Ka-min'-a-kus was a great warrior and a strong medicine man. He killed fourteen Blackfeet before

he lost his own life. His right eye was shot out by Low Horn in the fight when that warrior was killed.\* He was twice tossed by buffalo bulls, and each time severely injured; twice thrown from his horse, each time breaking some bones; and had three scars on his right side from Blackfoot bullets. It was thought by his own people, and even by some of the Blackfeet, that he could not be killed.

Ka-min'-a-kus spoke the Blackfoot language perfectly, and often went through their camps, and even sat and gambled with them for part of the night, and the next morning a good horse would be gone, or perhaps a scalp. On one occasion a party of Blackfeet surprised him with six of his young men, and drove them out on a small point of land on a lake. The Crees dug rifle pits, and by firing from them kept the Blackfeet at bay all through the day. Night fell, dark and cloudy, and Ka-min'-a-kus told his young men to swim across the lake, leaving their guns and ammunition with him, and he would fight the Blackfeet alone. After they had gone, he ran from one hole to another, firing a shot from each, until his men had had time to get away. Then he crept out to the Blackfoot lines and began, like them, to fire at the deserted holes, and getting near to a Blackfoot he shot and scalped him, passed through the lines, and escaped. In the morning the Blackfeet found the Crees gone, and had only their own dead to look at.

Like other uncivilized people the Indians have a great respect for dreams, and believe that these foreshadow coming events. A dream often inspires a warrior to start on the warpath, and dreams which come to them

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\* Blackfoot Lodge Tales, p. 89.

during a journey to war are implicitly trusted. Thus if a warrior dreams that he sees the bleeding bodies of his enemies lying on the prairie, he presses forward with renewed courage in the firm confidence that his expedition will come to a successful issue. If, on the other hand, in his sleep he sees himself wounded or dead, or his comrades lying dead or scalped, he loses all heart for his undertaking and wishes to turn about and go home.

Among all tribes stories are current which exemplify this feeling, and most of these stories confirm the Indian in his belief in dreams. Some of these tales are given in another book. The Blackfoot story of Berry Child sets forth well the Indian's trust in dreams, and I give it as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator :

About seven winters before the white men built Fort Benton, the Blackfeet were camped at the Cypress Hills. A large party had gone to war against the Crows, and had returned with a big band of horses taken from their enemies.

At this time, there was in the camp a young man who was a very brave warrior. His name was Berry Child (Mi'na Pokau'). When he went to war, he always had good luck and brought back horses and sometimes a scalp or two. When the war party had started out, this young man was away on the warpath across the mountains, and when he came back and heard what they had done and where the Crows were camped, he made up his mind that he too would go to war against them. He told the people what was in his mind, that he intended to start off to war, and many young men said that they would go with him, for all the people knew that he was brave, and that he had done many

great things, and that he was always lucky in war and had a good heart, and in time of danger took care of his followers and exposed himself, while he protected them. So he had great influence in the camp, and whenever he went to war many men used to follow him.

At length, when the grass had started, the time came that he had set for leaving, and one morning his men all gathered in the centre of the camp to receive the blessing of the medicine man before they set out. They numbered many tens of warriors. When all were there, one person was still missing—Berry Child, the leader, was not present. The people wondered where he could be and why he was not with them, and they talked about it among themselves while they waited. It was not long before they saw a person coming down the bluffs toward the camp, and pretty soon they saw that it was Berry Child. He came toward the camp and came up to the circle and sat down in it. He was dressed in fine war attire of white buckskin with eagle feathers, and in his hand he held an arrow. One half of it was painted white and one half black. Its point was red.

Berry Child looked strong and brave as he stood there before the people, and his face showed that he was resolved what he should do. When every one was quiet, he stepped forward, and holding up the arrow above his head, he spoke to the young men and to all those standing near: "My fathers and you my brothers, and all you people, look at this arrow and listen to my words. Last night I had a dream. I dreamed a bad dream. I saw an eagle fly from the direction where our enemies the Crows live, and in its claws the eagle held a bunch of arrows. I saw the bird sail many times

around this camp, and at last it flew past the camp and off over the prairie, and I thought it was going away. In a little while it came back and sailed three times more about the camp, and then lit upon that little hill over there, and sat there looking at its arrows, as if counting them. The eagle did not sit there long but flew away again, and when it had risen a short way in the air, it dropped one of the arrows. Then I awoke, and already it was daylight. Then I got up and went over to the hill where the eagle had been sitting, and there I found the arrow which I hold in my hand. It is not a Blackfoot arrow. You can all see that it was made by our enemies, by the Crows.

"Now, my people, this is a bad sign and I know that trouble is coming to me and to as many as go with me on this journey to war. And now I say to you young men that we are going to meet great danger, and as many of you as fear death should not follow me. For myself, I intend to go to war, as I have said I would do, but I ask no one to come with me. Let each man decide for himself what he will do. I cannot advise you to stay at home or to follow me. As for me, while my body is strong, and while my eyesight is clear and good, and while there is no white hair in my head, I would like to die in battle. I have many young brothers growing up to take my place. They will care for my father and mother when they are old. Brothers, some of you have no close relations, no one to help your old people if you should die. I should not like to have you lose your bodies on my account, nor that your old people should mourn for you, and should starve if you do not come back from war. Think of these things, and make up your minds what you will do."

When he had finished speaking, all the people be-

gan to talk at once, and some said one thing and some another, but all thought that the arrow the eagle had dropped was a bad sign, and that the Sun had sent the bird to warn the party not to start. Still, some thought that the sign meant danger only to the leader. But all the young men of his party said that they were willing to follow Berry Child to war. So they started, against the will of their people, for they were resolved to follow their young leader.

The war party went on, travelling southwest until they came to the Missouri River. Here they killed some buffalo, and it was decided to camp for a while and rest. So far all had gone well, and the young men were in good heart after their feast.

The second chief of this party was named Spotted Wolf. He was a middle-aged man, and was known to be powerful with dreams. One night, they all lay down to sleep, and the next morning each man had a strange dream to tell. Some had dreamed sad things and some funny things, all different. When Spotted Wolf told his dream to the party, he said: "I dreamed that I saw this whole party lying on the prairie dead and scalped, and from where we lay all killed together, I saw a stream of blood flowing on the ground down the hill. This was a strong dream, for I saw it all as plain as I see you now, and I knew each man as he lay dead. My opinion is that it is best for us to turn about and go home, for my dream has told me that there is too much danger before us."

The warriors talked about this for some time, and some thought that it would be best to go home, and some wanted to go on, but at length they all decided to go a little further. The next night Spotted Wolf dreamed again, and in the morning he told his dream.

"Brothers," he said, "now I know for certain that something bad is going to happen to us. I dreamed that I was going along, and I came to a spring and bent down to the water to drink. The water was still, and I saw myself in it; and when I saw my head, it was bare and all bloody, there was no hair on it. It had no scalp. Trouble is coming for us, and I think we had better go back to our own country. Whatever the rest may decide, I shall go back."

Then Berry Child said: "Brothers, I want to see the end of this, and I am going on. If any of you will follow me, you can come on; if any wish to go back, they can go."

The party divided here, the larger number going back to the Blackfoot camp, while twenty-six men followed Berry Child, determined to see the end.

For many days the party travelled on through the mountains, and when they came to the forks of the Musselshell, they saw fresh signs of enemies, but they could not find their camp. They went on, until they came to Deer Creek and the Yellowstone, and here they found a camp where the Crows had been, but from which they had moved the day before, so that now they could not be far off. While they were waiting here, one of the party was bitten by a rattlesnake and could go no further on foot, so they gave him some food and left him hidden here, intending to come back that way and take him with them.

When they had travelled up Deer Creek half a day's journey, they were seen by the Crows, and a large party of warriors attacked them. They made a brave stand, but the Crows were too many, and drove them into a patch of cherry brush in the valley, and surrounded them. The main Crow camp was not far



off, and when the news came to it, the whole Crow village moved down and camped all about the Blackfeet.

The next morning the Crow chief stood out in front of the patch of brush and spoke to the Blackfeet in signs, telling them that they had better give themselves up, and that if they would do so the Crows would make friends with them. "It is useless for you to fight," he said. "You are twenty-five brave men, but we are three hundred lodges of people. Give yourselves up and be our friends." Then Berry Child stepped out of the brush, and in signs answered the Crow, saying: "It is not the custom of the Blackfeet to surrender and make friends in battle. I have come to war, to fight, and, if I must, to die. I am here, and I am willing to die. Here is my body. It waits for you to count *coup* on it. Here is my scalp, who will come and take it? I have come to war, not to make friends."

Then all the Crows got ready and attacked them. The Blackfeet stood their ground, fighting bravely till near sundown; but the Crows kept charging them in great numbers, and in the afternoon the last of the twenty-five was killed. Not one escaped. The man who had been bitten by the snake got better, and he alone returned to the Blackfeet camp.

It is impossible for us who live commonplace, humdrum lives of a civilized community to form any adequate conception of the variety and excitement of the life of a young man who was constantly going on the warpath. The barest enumeration of the odd circumstances and thrilling occurrences which took place in a single tribe of a brave, warlike nation would fill many

volumes. Such a recital would present many examples of reckless hardihood almost beyond belief, cases where men have mingled with the members of a hostile camp, taking part in their gambling games, like Ka-min'-akus, or have given themselves over to the enemy to be slain, as did Owl Bear and Running Chief, or, through kindness of heart or mere good nature, have undertaken some very dangerous expedition, like that which the Bridled Man entered into for the sake of his wife. This story, as given by the Piegan, is as follows :

In the Piegan camp there was a man whom they called A'yēs-kwō-yē-pīs'ta, which means he is bridled. His lips had been eaten away, and across his face, covering his mouth, he used to wear a piece of cowskin, to hide the scar. This is what gave him his name.

This man had a good heart. He was always doing kind things. Sometimes, when he was the last to leave the camp, he would see little puppies which had been left behind to starve, and would pick them up and carry them in his robe to the next camp, and nurse and feed them until they were strong enough to go about by themselves. He was a very brave man. One time when he went to war, he found a camp of Snake Indians. When he had found them, he said to his party: "Well, now, my young men, we are looking for death, and there is the enemy. I intend to charge this village and give them battle." They charged the village and a great fight followed, and they defeated the Snakes and got them frightened and running, and they captured a large number of women. He told his men not to kill the captured women. They also captured the village and many children, and everything that the Snakes had.

When the battle was over, they started back with the horses and other plunder that they had taken, and took the women with them. The Bridled Man selected a wife for himself from among these women. While he was in his own camp, he could not get a wife. No woman would marry him, he was so ugly. When he reached his camp, he had many scalps and many prisoners, and many strange things that he had taken from the enemy. So he was much respected, and everybody looked up to him.

He started off on another war trip, and took with him his captured wife. The woman used to guide him about through the country, and tell him where the tribes of her people were likely to be at each season of the year. They went down south into a strange country and there found a camp of people. He said to his followers, "Now we will have to give this people battle, and see what success we will have here." Before he had started on the warpath he had made himself a bone dagger, and was armed with this and a shield and a stone axe. The Piegans charged the village, and the Bridled Man showed great bravery. He rushed on the enemy and killed them with the bone dagger, and pounded them down with his battle-axe. The enemy tried to shoot him, but he protected himself with his shield. While this fight was going on, a number of the enemy rushed on him, and caught hold of him and threw him down, and he was under them on the ground squirming and stabbing and kicking, and at last he got up and away from them. During the battle the voice of Bridled Man could be heard calling out: "Take courage, my young brothers; take courage! There are many of our young brothers growing up who can take our places if we fall in battle."

The Piegans conquered the village. They captured a great many women and children, and his young men killed some of the women and children secretly; but this was against the Bridled Man's wishes. This did not please him, and he did all he could to stop it. When they got back to the main camp, a great feast and a war dance were given in honour of the Bridled Man.

After they had been back at their camp for some months, his wife began to beg her husband to take her back to her people. She used to say to him: "My father and the people that I belong to are great chiefs. If you will take me back to them, no harm will come to you." Her husband would answer: "I do not like to do this. I have done so much harm to your people that it will be hard for them to forgive it. I have defeated them in battle, have taken their camps, have scalped their warriors and captured their women and children. It would be hard for them to overlook all this." The woman would say: "No, I feel certain that I am right. My father and my brothers are the heads of the camp, and they love me dearly. I know that what I say will be so."

After she had coaxed and teased him for a long time, at last he said to her: "Well, let it be so. I will take you to your people, although I know that I shall not get back here. I shall not survive. I shall be killed." When he had made up his mind to start, he invited many of the head men of the camp into his lodge and spoke to them, saying: "My young people, there is one thing I want to tell you. It is a hard thing for a man to be too good-hearted. For a long time this woman has been asking me to take her home to her own people. I have promised to do so, and I

do not wish any of you to object to it or try to stop me. I am going to do what she asks, but I do not expect to return here. I expect to be killed."

He told his wife to get ready, and that they would go. While they were making ready to start, the Bridled Man made himself a cowskin coat, with large porcupine cuffs to it which reached up to his elbows, and in these cuffs he sewed a lining, and between the lining and the cuff he put a knife and sewed it there, but his wife did not know it was there. His other knife he put in his belt in its usual place.

At last they were ready, and they started on foot and travelled many days. At length the woman said to her husband: "When we get on top of this mountain, looking southeast, you can see, way off, a river. At this time of the year, all my people come and camp on this river. There they dig camas and bitter root, and gather service berries to dry them." When they got on the hill and looked over, there, far off they could see the river. By this time their moccasins were nearly worn out. They travelled on toward the river, and when night overtook them they camped. When they lay down to rest the man said to his woman: "I think I hear something in the distance. Do you not hear it?" The woman said, "No, I hear nothing." He said: "I think I hear a drum beating in the distance. Now, you listen." The woman listened, and then said: "Yes, I think I do hear a drum beating; but never mind, we will sleep here to-night." But the man said: "No, if that is a drum, the camp is close by; we had better go there to-night." So they packed up and started. They went on, and when they had come close to the camp, they could hear drums beating for a dance, and the talking and laughter of the people up

and down the river for a long way; and they could tell that there were many people camped here on this river. The man said: "Well, we are here. I am satisfied that I shall not see to-morrow's sun. You have brought me to your country to get killed. It is always a foolish man's way to listen to a woman." The woman said: "No, do not be uneasy. My father is the great chief of this camp. You wait here for me. I will go into the camp. I will look through the lodges until I come to where my father or brothers are, and if I find them, I will tell them that you are here and I will come back with them and get you. I know that they will not hurt you." Her husband said: "All right; I will wait here. Come back to this place. I will not run away. We will see what is going to happen." She said: "I will go to where this great dance is, and if my father is in the camp, he will be there. He will be sitting in the back end of the lodge, where the chief sits."

The woman went off, and the Bridled Man waited a long time for her to come back. He fell asleep, and then woke up. At last he got tired of waiting for her, so he thought, "I will go down there and see what is the matter." Before he started, he untied the string of his parchment cuff, and tried his knife to see if it slipped out and in easily. He went into the camp and right to the dancing lodge, where the drum was beating. When he got there, he found that they were giving a great war dance. They had made a very big lodge, and when he came close to it, he had hard work to get to the door on account of the great crowd of women and children standing around. He pushed his way through these people toward the lodge. He had his bow strung, and had taken his knife from the back

of his belt and put it in front, where he could easily get at it if he needed it. When he got to the door of the dance lodge, he went in. He walked right along the row of dancers to the back of the lodge where the chiefs were sitting. In the middle, in the back of the lodge, was a back-rest leaning against the lodge poles. There sat the head chief. He walked up to this man, moved his legs apart, and sat down right in front of him and between them. He reached down and took the chief's hands, and folded them in front of his own body. The dancers all stopped and sat down. The drum ceased beating. It became still, and every one turned his eyes on the stranger who had just come in.

The people talked among themselves, but he could not understand what they were saying. Two men who sat at the opposite end of the lodge, one on either side of the door, got up and came toward him. They had nothing on save breech-clouts, and in their right hands daggers. These men caught hold of the Bridled Man, one by each hand. He braced himself and held stiff, but they dragged him along and he slid over the ground toward the door. When they had got him to the door, he pulled away from them and walked quietly back to the chief, spread his legs apart, and sat down in front of him, and put the chief's arms around his own body as before. The two soldiers again came up to him. This time they snatched off his blanket, and took his bow and arrows away from him. Again they came up to him, singing, and, seizing him by the wrists, pulled him up to his feet, and dragged him toward the lodge door. By this time there was a great uproar outside and at the door, people trying to get out and go away, for they knew that killing would take place as soon as he was taken outside. Other

people wanted to get in and see what was going on. There was crowding and confusion. When the soldiers got the Bridled Man close to the door, he jerked away from the right hand man, struck the other and knocked him away, and walked back and sat down as before. He kept this up until he had done it four times. The chief sat there, saying nothing. He neither tried to encourage his men nor to stop them. He did not move nor speak. He paid no attention.

The fourth time that they dragged him to the door, his bridle was torn off his face. He jerked loose from the men, folded his arms, and walked back to the chief. When he got to him, he bent down, took hold of the chief's arm, lifted it up, and drawing the knife from his cuff, thrust it several times into the Snake chief's side. Then he gave the Piegan warwhoop, and started for the door, jumping at every man he saw. The dancers started up in terror and rushed for the door. He was right among them, stabbing and cutting and giving the warwhoop every time his knife came down, and all the time getting nearer to the door. When he got outside, the crowd started to run, but they fell over each other, and he was among them in the darkness, stabbing every one he could reach. When the people had cleared away from in front of him, he started to run toward the river.

Opposite this lodge, and on the river bank, was a point of tall pine trees, and one had fallen down into the river and reached part way across it. He ran on to this point and out on the fallen tree, and as he ran he made the chattering noise that a pine squirrel utters. When he got to the end of the tree, he jumped into the water and so got across the river, and made his way up on the mountain and hid himself.



He stayed there all the next day. The next night he went back to the camp again, to see if he could steal into a lodge and find moccasins and some clothes to wear. He went into different lodges, trying to gather up what he could lay his hands on. He could find nothing to cover himself with, so he went to where a couple were sleeping, jerked the robe off them, and ran out of the lodge. In another lodge which he entered, a man was sleeping with moccasins on, and he took them off him. He found some dried meat, and now, as it was getting toward morning, he crossed the river, went up to his hiding place, and there waited again all day.

That night he returned to the camp, and went into a lodge. At the head of a bed where a young man was sleeping, he found a quiver of arrows and a bow, and he took them. When he went out of the lodge and started down toward the river, there he saw a person sitting. She had gone down after some water. He walked up to her, put one hand over her mouth, and caught her around the waist and started off with her. He did not speak to her. When he got her away from camp, he kept on travelling with her. He never stopped and never spoke. When daylight came, and she saw that it was a strange Indian, she was afraid of him. He told her by signs, "I am going to take you with me. Come on." She did not resist in any way, but went with him. When they camped that night, the man was very tired. They lay down to sleep for the night, and he went to sleep at once. When he awoke, he found that the woman was gone. So he kept on travelling, and returned to his people.

It was learned afterward, during a friendly meeting

with the Snakes, that he had killed twenty of those people in his rush for the door.

Although the Indian, as a rule, shows no mercy in his warfare, killing alike men and women and children, and acting as if his motto were "Slay and spare not," yet he can take pity, sometimes displaying a magnanimity hardly to be looked for in a savage, and foregoes the opportunity to rid himself of an enemy, even when he can do so without danger to himself. Instances of such generosity are not often witnessed in the excitement of battle, but that they do occur is shown by examples such as those given in the stories of Comanche Chief, Lone Chief, and The Peace with the Snakes, which I have recounted in earlier volumes. In these particular instances the feeling which induced the chiefs to spare the men whose lives were in their hands appears to have been respect for their bravery. They wished to give the strongest possible proof of their admiration for this quality. Other stories tell of similar instances where the motive seems to have been mere good nature, and often the release of captives taken in war was prompted by kindness of heart, the prisoner being supplied with arms, food, and a horse, and then taken off to a distance from camp and dismissed to go to his home.

Sometimes fear might cause a man to spare an enemy's life. If the latter was thought to have very strong "medicine," the man in whose power he was might deem it prudent to treat him as a friend, rather than to run the risk of offending the protecting spirit whose power was so great.

On the other hand, defeat, or the loss of some popular man, might lead the victors to torture the

captive man, who was then sacrificed in revenge for the injury inflicted by his tribe on the enemy. I have elsewhere spoken of the sacrifice of the captive by the Skidi, but this, it will be remembered, was not done from any warlike feeling. It was a purely religious ceremony. The Rees, while they never, so far as known, sacrificed the captive in the same way as the Skidi, nevertheless had a similar custom, though it was a mere ceremony, and did not involve loss of life or even suffering to the captive. Among some other tribes a captive was occasionally offered to the Sun or principal deity, rarely being killed, but usually being tied securely and left to perish alone.





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